HOW STRONG IS JAPAN? A MILITARY ANALYSIS *By Colonel T.*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY AUGUST 26, 1941

WHAT HITLER FEARS MOST

Cables from Moscow and London

by Ilya Ehrenbourg and Claude Cockburn

OPM'S BLUNDERS *By Adam Lapin*

THE SOVIET FAMILY *By Beatrice King*

MACHINES ON STAGE *By John Howard Lawson*

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Between Ourselves

In Next Week's Issue

R. Palme Dutt

on

"Munich Avenged"

A brilliant discussion of the changes in world politics since June 22.

MANY an NM reader has expressed to us a desire to do something immediate and practical for the Red Army. We are very glad to pass on to these readers a communication from World Tourists, Inc., of New York City, which is collecting and forwarding shipments of cigarettes, socks, fountain pens, sweaters, binoculars, etc., to the fighting forces of the Soviet Union. "The American people," says the communication, "have responded very enthusiastically to the call for gifts. Thousands of presents have already gone forward, and shops, factories, organizations, clubs, and individuals are continuing to bring in their contributions to be sent to the Soviet Union. One worker from Bridgeport, Conn., spent forty dollars for a pair of binoculars. A former White officer brought in his own pair of field glasses to help the Red Army defeat the Nazis, saying: 'This is the only valuable thing I possess and therefore I am sending it to the Red Army.' Women in Greenwich Village and in Brighton have organized knitting clubs to make sweaters and socks for the fighting forces. Various organizations are running house parties and other affairs to raise money for the purchase of gifts."

In answer to the question as to what is the best article to send, World Tourists suggests such things as coffee, tobacco, cigarettes, shaving sets, socks, sweaters, watches, binoculars, and fountain pens. The first shipment left New York recently and the next is now being prepared. Gifts should be sent or brought to the offices of World Tourists, Inc., 1123 Broadway (corner of 25th Street), New York City. The telephone number is Chelsea 2-2838.

Beatrice King's article on the Soviet family, on page 8 of this issue, is one in the series which NM is running on the life and culture of that sixth of the world which is standing off Adolph Hitler's panzers. The first of the series was Andrew Rothstein's description last week of the Soviet press; other articles scheduled will deal with Soviet architecture, law and lawyers, and various institutions of the USSR.

With this issue Adam Lapin, who has been vacationing far from the turbulent happenings of the capital, resumes his regular Washington dispatches to NM.

Friends of NM who attended the magazine's post-Labor Day weekend at Chesters' Zunbarg last year will be happy to learn that we are planning such a weekend again at the same resort after this Labor Day. The party will begin officially on Friday evening, September 5, and continue until Sunday evening, September 7. In addition to the usual sport facilities there will be entertainment in the form of a complete revue Saturday night, and an all-Russian program by a prominent radio baritone on Sunday afternoon, as well as several surprise features. After-breakfast lectures, both Saturday and Sunday, will deal with the war and with national and world politics. The entire cost of the weekend is $10, and transportation arrangements can be made at a minimum charge. Full details will be found on page 25.

Considerable discussion has been stimulated by Samuel Sillen's series on Mikhail Sholokhov's great work *The Silent Don.* A number of people who have already read the two-volume epic have told us that they were particularly appreciative of the way in which Sillen has articulated their own impressions of the novel. His third, and concluding, article of the series will appear next week.

Who's Who

ILYA EHRENBOURG is a famous Soviet journalist. . . . Claude Cockburn was formerly editor of the *Week,* the internationally known newsletter. . . . Adam Lapin is NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Beatrice King is an Englishwoman, the author of *Changing Man: The Education System of the USSR,* published in this country in 1937. . . . Colonel T. is the pseudonym of a military expert. . . . Peter Farben and Nancy Head are British writers. . . . John Howard Lawson is the author of *Success Story, Marching Song,* and other plays.

Flashbacks

THE world's first working class political party held its first convention in Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1828. Members of this Workingmen's Party held that "We are prepared to maintain that all who toil have a natural and inalienable right to reap the fruits of their own industry; and that they who by labor (the only source) are the authors of every comfort, convenience, and luxury, are in justice entitled to an equal participation, not only in the meanest and the coarsest, but likewise in the richest and the choicest of them all." . . . The National Trades Union, the first nationwide federation of city central labor bodies, opened its first convention in New York, Aug. 26, 1834. . . . The Women's Suffrage Amendment was ratified Aug. 28, 1920.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XL AUGUST 26 NUMBER 9

WHAT HITLER FEARS MOST

The allies draw closer. "For our freedom and for yours!" Ilya Ehrenbourg cables from Moscow. Claude Cockburn tells of the British aftermath of the Churchill-Roosevelt conference.

Moscow (by cable).

THESE times of ordeal draw people together, and today all the peoples of Europe are united by a common hatred. We have one enemy and one fate. In the severe struggle which we are now waging, we have many allies. I have in mind above all those who day after day are battling Hitler Germany—the English. Last week British bombers raided fascist Berlin. Now our Soviet bombers soar above this bandit nest. We met the English in the sky above Germany. Taking advantage of the fact that only a narrow channel separates London from German airdromes, Hitlerites have day and night wreaked destruction upon this beautiful city, its monuments, schools, and dwellings. There was a time when, for fifty nights without interruption, Londoners lived amidst the thunder of bursting bombs. They didn't surrender. Last summer in Paris I heard German officers boast that on August 15 they would be in London. And they were making plans, discussing the quality of British cloth and other things they could procure there. The English replied: "We are waiting for you and so are the fish in the channel." The English didn't yield. They preserved what is most precious—dignity and liberty.

But a bitter fate has befallen many other peoples. I lived in France for many years and I have a warm affection for the French people. They are in no way to blame for the plight they are in. They were betrayed, disarmed, and abandoned to the tender mercies of the enemy. Germans in Paris—one simply can't imagine this. I witnessed insults, and the hatred of this imprisoned city. Paris was not meant for this lot. It was not for this that 150 years ago the *sans culottes* unfurled the banner of liberty. Nor was it for this that Stendhal and Balzac lived and Communards gave their lives. Paris walls are inscribed with the letter "V." "V" stands for Valmy and Verdun, scenes of French victories. "V" stands for vengeance and victory. The river Seine, that silent keeper of many intimate secrets of the French people, has enveloped in its turbid waters the corpses of German officers. Fishing boats carry the brave to English shores. De Gaulle's soldiers await the hour when they will land on French soil; all France awaits this hour. With us are proud Norwegians, children of storms and mountains, fishermen of the Lofoten Islands, men of a grim and wonderful land. With us are once peaceful Hollanders. The bombs which shattered Rotterdam have made them avengers. With us are Belgians whose fathers have had a bitter taste of German occupation.

I saw the humiliation to which plundered Brussels was subjected. Women muttered "We shall kill them." The word "death" sounded from children's lips, and the very stones replied "Death." With us are the heroic Greeks. We all remember how they fought in mountainous Albania—David repelling Goliath. I have been to Czechoslovakia, and every time I think of that country, I think of magnificent Prague and its terrible fate. The vile Hitler rag with its swastika web flies over the Hradcany. Prague University, the oldest in Europe, has been handed over to Hitler's ignorant barrack sergeants. And the Slovaks, our true friends, have been forced into war with us by the Germans. The very word "Russian" opens all doors and all hearts.

Happy Detva, Orava, Moravia, peasant women in richly embroidered dresses, picturesque cottages hidden in orchards. Czechoslovakia was the very picture of peace. Its folk sang songs of the good robber Janosek who protected people from evildoers. And today Janosek's grandchildren are fighting the Hitler beast in the Tatra Mountains. In Czechoslovakia workers of the Skoda plant destroy machines; these are old and tested friends and they will never betray us.

With us are Uzhorod and Mukachevo, in a country where the word "Russian" means "one of our own." The same songs are sung from the Danube to the Volga, from Dalmatia to Siberia—songs in which the spirit of reckless dashing mingles with melancholy. With us are the people of Yugoslavia. The Serbs are not vanquished. Their backs are not bent. They have embarked on an unequal battle with the pride that glorified Prince Janko of Serbian folklore. The mountain paths are trod by guerrilla fighters, brothers of our own Ukrainian and Byelo-Russian partisans. A quarter of a century ago the Germans passed through Serbia, leaving a trail of blood and fire. But the country was resurrected, and now, again, it will come to life once more—strong, free, and righteous in its cause. Herzen once said that we and the Poles are divided only by the shadow of the past. These words ring with new trueness today. Time was when our poets and Poland's were united by ties of close friendship. And friendship will be our oath. Poland has always cherished liberty. Its heart cannot be tamed by Hitler's drill sergeants. The grandsons of the Polish insurrectionists were not brought up to live in cattle pens. The children of Kosciusko and Dombrowski are not men to live lives of vegetation. Writers have different languages. But now their pens are moved by wrath and the will to victory. All peoples speak one language—the language of courage and bullets. The world has its eyes fixed on us, and for the first time Hitler's death machine has met with rebuff. They have encroached on our land, these stormtrooper thugs with skull and crossbones on their caps. They are soldiers of death and they have been countered by soldiers of life, by our fighters. Every Hitlerite killed is cause for joy among the French. Every Hitlerite tank wrecked evokes smiles of hope among the Czechs. Every fascist plane downed causes the Poles to raise their heads. Our emancipation is nearing. Our country is defending itself with iron and blood. Fraternity and courage are our banner. Our men fight their way to meet victory with proud words: "For our freedom and for yours!"

ILYA EHRENBOURG.

★

London (by cable).

GET behind the scenes in London and you'll find that the biggest political fact about the decisions reached at the Roosevelt-Churchill conference is that they have given new impulse and vigor to "activists" in the struggle against complacency and political sabotage of the joint Anglo-Soviet-American effort. I have indicated before in these reports the degree to which the "go slow" brigade has attempted to use the whispered stories about the American attitude as an excuse for refusal to throw everything into the allied war effort now. These same people have been busy for days trying to pour cold water on the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration and decisions. It cannot be denied that in the first few hours after the announcement of the meeting they achieved a certain success so far as the general public was concerned. That was because the general public in England isn't very well informed at any time about the United States, and sometimes has been rather obviously misled about America's real position. This state of affairs was responsible for the feeling of letdown pretty generally noted after the first declaration. But that was soon dispelled, as the realization grew of the meaning of a three-power meeting in Moscow and when the news came of the first concrete steps for facilitating British aid to Russia.

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In any case, in this particular situation the important point is not so much the general public reaction as the fact of the changed atmosphere behind the scenes, where the true facts about Roosevelt's internal problems were fairly well known. A change is reflected in the significant new urgency expressed in wide sections of the British press during the last few days. Most revealing as to what is being said "in the backrooms" is the editorial in Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* of August 18. After emphasizing, in the face of "foolish judgments" to the contrary, the "incalculable significance" of "the new commitments which the President has undertaken together with his readiness to place Anglo-Soviet-American cooperation on a more open footing," the editorial comments on Roosevelt's expressed belief in the Russian power to resist throughout the winter: "These simple words coming from such a quarter should squeeze the last breath of life from an illusion which may still survive in certain departments of State. If such a recognition [of the Soviet's power of resistance] had existed everywhere in this land on the day Hitler went to war against the Soviet Union, it is conceivable that we might have done more than we have done to sustain Russia's fight. Certainly it will be criminal now if the aid to the greatest ally we have ever had is not herculean. Indeed Roosevelt's remarks about Russia are sensational. They signify that in the opinion of the President of the United States, Russia's giant effort has disrupted the whole Nazi plan of world conquest. Russia has done against the whole resources of the Wehrmacht what the RAF did last year against the luftwaffe. Such a stupendous fact requires a final end of the miserable prejudices which prevented us from securing such a great ally in the earlier days. It means that the invigoration of the Anglo-Soviet alliance has become the supreme demand on our endeavors."

IT IS NO ACCIDENT that on the same day that the *Evening Standard* came out with this attack on those whose "miserable prejudices" have been hamstringing joint effort, the *Daily Herald* devoted a whole editorial to a critical discussion of just how much Britain has been doing for the Soviet Union. It stated that "the British public, already impatient for evidence of larger cooperation in the Russian war effort, will expect to learn very soon that tangible results have been achieved. . . . One thing is now clearer than ever—if we are to help Russia and ourselves enough to win the war decisively, there must be a tremendous acceleration of productive activity both here and in the United States. . . . The United States, the arsenal of democracy, and Britain, the arsenal fortress, will have in these next few months to dwarf all past performances. . . . Those who in recent months have criticized the pace and methods of the British war production must henceforth be more than ever vigilant for signs of slackness or disorganization." There is pretty solid ground for the belief that with Churchill's return to London, the opinion expressed in the above quoted passages will find itself powerfully reinforced. And that is without any question the biggest central need at this moment.

IT IS SIGNIFICANT that the London *Times* is suddenly giving great prominence to the demands—voiced in a circular of a London banking house—for a "production crusade" along lines analogous to the crusade for national savings. In point of fact, of course, as I've previously reported, the production "crusade" is already under way in the British war factories, where it is led by the shop stewards and other workers, particularly among the engineers. A very significant feature of this campaign is the extent to which, despite stubborn resistance by some firms, joint meetings of factory workers, office staffs, and managements are now being held on all aspects of production. One such meeting, with the management of the firm fully represented, was held a few days ago at the big works in Leeds. There they took the step, unprecedented for such a gathering, of passing a unanimous resolution to demand the lifting of the ban on the London *Daily Worker* as an essential move in increasing production. So far as this type of cooperation in production effort is concerned, there's still a very long way to go. For it is a deplorable fact that in many parts of the country, Bevin's factory councils, in which workers and managements are represented, still—as a result of the management's attitude—confine themselves to routine details of factory life and conditions and do not get down to major production problems at all. In these circumstances, the attitude of the *Times* is the important new development toward pushing ahead the production crusade.

Apart from the points mentioned in my last dispatch, beliefs are expressed here in well informed circles that the Churchill-Roosevelt meeting will have a wholesome effect on at least one sector of the Atlantic battlefront which has been causing some headaches—Portugal and the Azores. It has been many months since experts of the German High Command have indicated their extreme interest in the Azores as a key point in the Atlantic battle. Recently, private reports received here via Lisbon have suggested freely that the Portuguese government has already made up its mind that even the slightest resistance to any German attack on the Portuguese mainland would be futile. If, however, there were grounds for supposing that the British might give active assistance to Portugal on the mainland, thus creating the second front for which so many people here are asking, or that at least the Anglo-American policy would insist on holding the Azores against the Axis, the effect would be important. Perhaps it is worth noting that some reports from usually well informed circles in Lisbon indicate that the Portuguese authorities have already taken some steps toward the establishment of a possible center of resistance to the Axis on the Azores, in the event that the government—or anti-Axis sections of it—were compelled to leave Lisbon in a hurry.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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WAR AIM NUMBER ONE: VICTORY

An Editorial

THE big and vital fact, the decisive judgment which stands out from the Churchill-Roosevelt rendezvous off the rockbound coast of Maine, is that Hitler has suffered a major defeat. His armies have passed over the scorched earth to Smolensk, and having been stopped in the north, they now turn, with all the venomous force of a wounded serpent, toward the rich earth of the Ukraine. But all this territory gained, all the havoc and destruction wrought, have not given Hitler the one victory he needed most. He has not been able to bring about a divergence in British and American policy; he has not been able to isolate the Soviet Union.

On the contrary. By suggesting the three-power conference in Moscow, Churchill and Roosevelt are emphasizing their faith in the Soviet people, and even more than that—their faith in the Soviet leadership. They are acknowledging that in their opinion, the Soviet armies will persevere into the winter, and if necessary beyond the winter until fascism is exhausted and destroyed. This is the powerful and positive fact which gives the dramatic meeting at sea its historic meaning. Not only have Hitler's hopes been smashed, but all the fatuous underestimation of the Soviet Union in high circles has been rebuked by Roosevelt and Churchill themselves. Those who have argued for aid to Britain as against aid to the Soviet Union, now find themselves arguing against the express policy of both Britain and the United States. A great anti-fascist alliance begins to take shape. Two summers ago this alliance might have changed the course of world history. It is certainly going to do that now.

Much could be said about the declaration of war aims which came out of the sessions on the Atlantic. They represent popular ideals which must obviously be embodied in a rational peace, although it is hard to read them without recalling the unhappy fate of Wilson's fourteen points. But it strikes us as significant that after declining to specify any sort of war aims for two years, Churchill now feels impelled to associate himself with Mr. Roosevelt in making this statement of aims public. This in itself testifies how profoundly the war has changed its character. It is proof of the great influence which the Soviet Union, whose aims need no definition, has already had on the thinking of intelligent men and women. Significantly also, these eight points have abandoned the spirit of vindictiveness against the German people, which only a short while ago was so prevalent in high London circles. This too is welcome, since without the participation of the German people, trodden down under Hitler's heel like the other oppressed peoples, there can be no smashing defeat for Hitler and no assurance of a permanent peace.

But already the statement of war aims becomes a background to concrete preparations for prosecuting the war. After all, the most important judgment of these aims will be made by history. The plain fact is that the winning of the war precedes the winning of the peace, and the nature of the peace will depend on the way the war is prosecuted and the speed with which it is won. There is one aim on which quibbling is impossible, and that is the aim of forging an unbreakable unity of the British, Soviet, and American peoples, together with the Chinese people, whose great struggle was unfortunately not mentioned by name in the Churchill-Roosevelt statement. This aim—unbreakable unity—is both a war aim and a peace aim. No one power can dictate the peace if all powers assure the victory. No one people can expect the others to win the war for them. So it will be with the peace.

To win quickly, to lessen the ultimate costs and sacrifices, both for the Soviet peoples and ourselves, demands the opening up of a new front wherever the Nazis can be most easily reached. It is not enough to figure out defenses against Hitler's thrust into North Africa, or Dakar, or the Near East, or the Azores. It is not enough to stymie Japan, all of which the three-day conferences between Roosevelt and Churchill undoubtedly canvassed in detail. It is necessary to take the initiative—to create diversions for the Nazis instead of passively awaiting their next moves. There have been signs in the past weeks that the British were putting it up to us, as to whether, when, and how a Western Front could be developed. And there was a danger that by a certain amount of buck-passing between London and Washington, the opening of a Western Front would be delayed. It is not easy to say whether a final decision has been made. But judging from Beaverbrook's arrival in Washington and the proposed conference in Moscow, the opening up of new fronts cannot much longer be postponed. In so far as the issue lies with us on this side of the Atlantic, we have the responsibility of achieving unity for maximum production, getting a record quantity of war materials across the ocean in record time.

To achieve unity and to achieve maximum production—these are the responsibilities and commitments of the American people to the anti-fascist alliance. On both scores we have far to go. We have far to go to get unity, as the narrow vote on the extension of the army service shows, as the petty bickering in the OPM proves. The rank and file of labor must step into the picture, as it is beginning to do in Britain—to force a change of tempo, a heightened imagination, some really practical planning of the productive effort. The average American will accept sacrifices and shortages when he sees the big monopolists loosening their grip on the productive machine and letting it expand; the average man will be impressed not so much by appropriations as by achievement. Contracts have to be spread out to take advantage of the small businessman's capacity; workers who are being laid off because of mismanagement must be reemployed in the defense program; wages must be kept in line with the rising cost of living; taxes must be imposed according to ability to pay.

To expand production and forge the unity of the people around a program of anti-fascist achievement: these are our responsibilities to the British, Soviet, and Chinese peoples. The assurance of immediate, large-scale material support is what our representatives must have at the conference in Moscow.

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OPM'S BLUNDERS

The increasing recognition of the chaos caused by the dollar-a-year crowd. Why there are shortages. Adam Lapin reports on what is needed to increase defense production.

Washington.

ONE of the gravest problems facing the President is the economic front against Hitlerism: the front of defense production and its related sectors of monopoly control of OPM, shortages, prices, wages, and unemployment. Something had better be done quickly to save the defense program from the dead hand of the dollar-a-year men, from both their economic theories and their practical control of planning arms production. If something is not done, the resulting chaos may be very serious indeed. It will be serious in terms of what happens to the actual production of implements of war. And it will be equally serious in terms of the morale of the millions of workers who must manufacture these implements.

The only vantage points from which everything looks rosy are the annual and semi-annual reports of the nation's big corporations. A tabulation prepared by the National City Bank from the public statements of 350 leading companies showed that after all tax deductions were computed, they had increased their profits over the first half of 1940 by twenty percent. These companies made an average rate of profit during the first six months of 1941 of 12.8 percent. Twenty-three leading iron and steel companies reported an increase of 100 percent over the profits of the first half of last year, while twenty-seven machinery companies made a profit of 24.2 percent in the first half of this year, nine automobile companies came through with 21.1 percent, and fourteen electrical equipment companies scored a mere fourteen percent.

Unfortunately the defense program has not fared quite so well. As against defense appropriations reaching the astronomical total of $50,000,000,000, contracts have been let on less than $25,000,000,000. And in the case of Bethlehem Steel and a number of other companies, the mere letting of contracts is meaningless because of the staggering backlog of orders. Actual production has reached only $9,000,000,000. "We are not yet wholly out of the tooling stage," OPM Director Knudsen told the Production Clinic in New York. He added optimistically that "If we hit the halfway mark by Jan. 1, 1942, we should hit peak production by July and after that America can write its own ticket." The only trouble is that next July is a long way off. And besides, Knudsen's predictions have not always turned out so well.

THE STORY of OPM's responsibility in creating shortages by blocking expansion of productive facilities, and by failing to plan in advance for sufficient supplies of certain vital metals, is too well known to need repeating here. But we are now at the point where the consequences of OPM's policies are only too apparent. There are real shortages now —in the richest and most productive country in the world—in aluminum, copper, iron, steel, brass, nickel, tin, rubber, silk, and cork.

These shortages are beginning to be felt in many fields of defense production. They are being felt even more heavily in consumer goods industries where thousands of workers are losing their jobs. The OPM solution to this problem of shortages is simple enough: priorities. Just shut off supplies to producers of consumer goods. There has been little action of any kind on a coordinated, long-range program for expanding productive facilities, at the same time meeting the immediate situation by adjusting consumer goods manufacturers to defense production.

Within recent weeks the results of the priorities policy have been so devastating that even the OPM is a little stunned. In the silk industry, 175,000 workers are threatened with lay-offs; silk is a special case in the sense that the shortage is due to shutting off imports from Japan, but it is typical in the sense that there was no OPM planning in advance to meet the situation, despite repeated proposals for the accumulation of silk stockpiles. In autos, about 250,000 workers will be laid off as a result of the shortage in steel unless immediate steps are taken. Price Administrator Leon Henderson has estimated that the total number of men who may lose their jobs within the next few months may be as high as 2,000,000.

SO FAR, the one definite step taken by OPM is to expand and reorganize its Defense Contract Service, as well as to give the service greater importance. This will help if the service carries out on a large scale the spread of defense orders among small and medium-sized manufacturers of consumer goods. A small beginning was made in Buffalo recently with the cooperation of the United Auto Workers; 800 of 3,600 displaced men were rehired when smaller plants got defense contracts. The Federation of Hosiery Workers is also discussing plans with OPM to save the threatened jobs of its members. The spreading of contracts is vital to curb unemployment, to end the vast backlogs of orders which have held up production, and to call a halt to the continual squeezing out of small business. It is to be hoped devoutly that something will be done at last about this problem. But without immediate expansion in steel and other basic industries, even the greater spreading of orders will prove inadequate to cure the twin diseases of indiscriminate priorities and priorities unemployment.

Another headache facing the President will be the continued inflationary trend of prices. Bernard Baruch has estimated that if this trend is not curbed, the defense program will cost the American people an additional $15,000,000,000. At present the chances of halting the price rises quickly enough do not seem too promising. The administration's price control bill certainly has loopholes and inadequacies, among which is the obvious shortcoming of freezing prices at the high levels which already exist. If properly enforced, however, the bill would certainly mark a step in the right direction. Unfortunately the House Banking and Currency Committee got off to a slow start that looked like a filibuster, with Republican members spending more than a week questioning Price Administrator Leon Henderson. More than half the Republicans had not taken their shot at Henderson when the committee decided to adjourn hearings for about a month.

Naturally, prices will not remain stationary during the recess. The Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that the cost of living has risen upward of six percent since the start of the war in August 1939. More than half of this rise has taken place in the last three months. CIO economists estimate that there will probably be another six percent rise within the next five months. Prices of some commodities are already beginning to reach the peaks of World War I days.

DURING HIS PRICE CONTROL TESTIMONY Leon Henderson defined inflation as "a greater amount of purchasing power than of available goods." To find the cause for the symptoms of inflation that have already appeared is obviously to point toward the cure. Ralph Hetzel, the able CIO economist, has listed the following as the four most important factors inducing recent price rises: shortages of specific essential materials, specialized equipment, and transportation; monopoly control of prices; price speculation and excessive accumulation of inventories; unplanned public purchasing.

Most serious government economists will admit readily that one or more of these factors enters into every significant case of price rises. But to deal with these factors effectively, it will be necessary to tackle monopoly control of prices, production, and the OPM apparatus; to solve the problem of inflation by increasing the available supply of goods. This obviously involves a clash with the powerful dollar-a-year crowd. So the steps that have been taken so far in this direction have been timid and hesitant, while the increasing emphasis in administration circles has been on meeting the situation from the other end: by decreasing the amount of purchasing power. This has long been the pet project of such public-spirited citizens as Senator Vandenberg and Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors. To

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see men like Henderson rising to the bait is not a pleasant spectacle.

Enthusiastic proposals to cut the buying power of the nation's workers have been legion. There have been plans for sales taxes, wage taxes, increased social security taxes, and forced savings. Some of these schemes are already being adopted. More than twenty-five percent of the revenue in the tax bill passed by the House consists of excise taxes which will be paid by those who can least afford it. The President's executive order curbing installment buying of durable goods obviously hits at low income groups.

As in the case of the installment buying curb, most of the bright ideas to cut consumer purchasing power are directed toward the durable goods industries. And nowhere is the basic fallacy of all these ideas more apparent. It is perfectly true that monopoly and OPM-created shortages have caused a serious situation in the industries that make automobiles, radios, washing machines, refrigerators, and the like. But cutting the buying power of the masses of the people will not solve the problem. In the first place, low income groups spend precious little of their income on durable goods. A study of the average wage earner's budget made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics showed that sixty-five percent of a worker's income goes for food, clothing, and rent. Perhaps five percent of such an income is spent on durable goods or vital, scarce materials. In the second place, the theory that workers' purchasing power has been skyrocketing is phony.

Henderson testified that the average increase in wages has been eight percent, while the cost of living has gone up six percent. Even this extra two percent, he said, would soon be eaten up by price rises which are now in prospect. This latter estimate, incidentally, looks distinctly conservative as compared to the CIO estimate of a six percent rise in the next five months. Cuts in the purchasing power of low income groups will simply reduce the amount they can spend on food, clothing, and housing. And nobody has suggested that the United States cannot produce plenty of these essentials. Nor will these cuts in income have any appreciable effect in aiding the defense program. As a matter of fact, they will probably cause outright harm by impairing morale, by disorganizing industry through the shutting down of thousands of small plants, by throwing perhaps millions of workers out of jobs.

There is increasing recognition of the chaos caused by the economic theory and practice of the dollar-a-year crowd. But so far there has been too much of a tendency to solve the problem by adding a new planning or coordinating board to the already over-cluttered and disorganized defense picture. Some time ago there was set up with considerable fanfare a National Production Planning Board to which CIO Secretary James Carey was appointed as a member. This board has simply vanished from the scene, completely forgotten. Vice-President Wallace's new Economic Defense Board has been publicized as an economic warfare agency which will function primarily in the Latin American and foreign fields. But there has been some discussion here that it also has broad powers in defense production and planning. Just what these powers are or whether they will be exercised is still shrouded in confusion.

What is needed rather than a new board or more organizational change in the defense setup, is a scientific production program which will meet the problem of defense by planning and expansion rather than by the dollar-a-year panacea of priorities which adds to the chaos and squeezing out of the nation's economic life untold numbers of small business men and unemployed workers. To execute such a program, infusion of new blood into the defense setup is needed: representatives of the trade unions which have already contributed such constructive proposals as the Murray plan and the steel expansion and aluminum expansion plans. Prompt action by the President is necessary on the economic front if the new pledges of aid to Great Britain and the Soviet Union are to be fulfilled successfully on American assembly lines.

ADAM LAPIN.

"I am happy to announce, gentlemen, that the America First Committee is starting a branch in our town."

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THE SOVIET FAMILY

Beatrice King, noted authority on education in the USSR, examines the basis for the "happy relationship" between the Soviet father, mother, and children. Political and economic equality.

OUR attitude toward Soviet family life will depend a very great deal on our own understanding and demands of family life. If we regard family life as a milieu in which the male can express his authority over the female, and in which both can express their authority over their offspring, then we shall disapprove of Soviet family life. If we regard family life as a means of obtaining domestic comforts for the man and economic security for the woman, we shall equally disapprove of Soviet family life. But if we regard a family as a group of people in which the man and woman have joined their lives, not only because of the sex impulse, but because they desire permanent companionship and children, and in which the children are regarded as personalities to be helped to develop according to their inclinations, and not as property, then we shall approve of Soviet family life.

Family life has undergone considerable change in the short existence of the Soviet regime. The early stages of a revolution give opportunity to all those people whose idea of being revolutionary is to shed all restraint and self-control, for whom being advanced means being undisciplined, and who apply these ideas particularly to sex. They have a great influence on the youth of a country which has had no experience of life and which is eager to respond to so-called freedom. If to this are added the material difficulties of the early years of the revolution, the scarcity of housing as of other commodities, the constant change of employment, it will be realized that it was inevitable that the first period of the revolution should be a period of experiment in marital and family relations as in other spheres. The legalization of abortion and the ease with which it could be obtained contributed to the light relations that existed among masses of the young people.

But this was never approved by the leaders. In 1920 Lenin, writing to Clara Zetkin on the subject of sex relations, expresses the views of the genuine Communist. It is worth quoting in some detail:

"With us in Russia, too, a great part of youth is vehemently striving to 'revise' the 'bourgeois' point of view of morality in the matter of sex."

He goes on to describe how a revolution dissolves old values; they lose their binding power before the new values have had time to crystallize.

"It is obvious that youth is particularly occupied with the intricate series of questions (relating to sex). Young people suffer especially under the defective sexual conditions of today, and they rebel against them with impetuousness."

Discussing the so-called "revolutionary" and "new sexual life" of youth, Lenin goes on to say:

> To me it often appears purely bourgeois, as an extension of the typical bourgeois brothel. . . . You probably know the marvelous theory that in a Communist society gratification of the sexual impulse of erotic needs is as simple and as insignificant as drinking a glass of water. This glass of water theory has turned part of our youth mad, quite mad. . . . Its adherents assert that it is Marxist. I want no more of that sort of Marxism. The matter is not by any means as simple as all that. In sexual

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life it is not only that which nature gave that comes into play, it is also a question of that which culture has produced, whether lofty or base.

Very well then. Thirst must be satisfied. But does the normal man in normal circumstances lie down in the muddy street and drink out of a puddle? Or even out of a glass, the rim of which has been smeared by many lips? But the social side is more important than anything else. The drinking of water is really an individual matter. Love on the other hand requires two people, and a third, a new life, can come into existence. This state of affairs presents a social interest, a duty towards the community. As a Communist, I have not the slightest sympathy for the glass of water theory, even if it bears the pretty label "Liberation of Love." This "Liberation of Love" is neither new nor Communistic. Not that I wish to preach asceticism. I should not dream of it. Communism should not bring asceticism but joy and vigor into life through the fulfillment of the erotic life as well. . . . Youth particularly needs a joyful, vigorous life . . . neither monk nor Don Juan, nor a cross with German suburbia either. The revolution will not tolerate an orgiastic state of affairs such as is normal for d'Annunzio's decadent heroes and heroines. Licentiousness in sexual life is bourgeois, is a symptom of degeneracy. The proletariat is an ascending class. It needs intoxication neither as narcotic nor as stimulus. Self-control, self-discipline is no more slavery in love than in anything else.

This, and not the falsehoods printed abroad, represents the Communist attitude toward sex and family relations. With the development of the country, with an increase in knowledge and experience, Soviet youth's attitude toward sex and family changed considerably. The effort of a group of so-called advanced revolutionaries about 1920 to have all children sent to State homes failed, chiefly because parents refused to part with their children, but also because it was opposed to Communism.

Russians have an immense affection for children, and they express this affection through a respect for the children, through an infinite patience, through an eagerness to learn to do the best for them, and through a desire for their presence. Boarding schools exist only for orphans or homeless. It is only under very special circumstances that parents will agree to send their children away to school. They find the custom in other countries of wealthy parents sending their children away while keeping the dogs at home, quite extraordinary. Similarly they are horrified at corporal punishment in a civilized community. And today the development of their country permits Soviet citizens to indulge their love for children.

There are certain essential conditions without which there can be no satisfactory family life, which have been realized by the Soviet government. One of these is the complete equality, economic as well as political, between men and women, so that the woman shall seek marriage only because of love and the desire to live with the loved one, while the man, seeking marriage for similar reasons, no longer has the proprietary attitude toward the woman, no longer feels he is being sought for ulterior motives, but meets the woman as an equal. This economic equality creates a new and very happy relationship between man and woman unknown elsewhere.

Equally important is economic security for both, so that marriage does not have to be postponed for years and years, and, in order to preserve the health and satisfy the natural needs, temporary substitute relations indulged in. It is now common knowledge that there is more work than workers in the USSR, that university students obtain posts six months before taking their final examinations. There is therefore no obstacle to marriage, provided the legal age is attained. The possibility of early marriage and the economic freedom of women have had a shattering effect on prostitution. As a social phenomenon it has entirely disappeared. That is probably a unique achievement, and has contributed considerably to a clean and happy family life.

The institutions organized to deal with the social sore left by czarism have nearly all either been closed or transformed. In 1936 I was told of a count of prostitutes taken in Moscow. In a town which numbered them by the thousands before the Revolution, the number was ninety-four. The demand for these women then, at the time of this survey, came mostly from the foreigners.

ANOTHER ESSENTIAL for a happy family life is adequate housing conditions. This problem has naturally taken much longer to solve than some of the others. While the conditions are rapidly improving—the object aimed at is one room per person—there is still much overcrowding. This is mitigated, however, by the communal amenities offered by the State. There is first the creche and nursery-infant school, where the baby or older child can be left under qualified supervision in completely suitable surroundings. This does more than relieve the mother while she is at work. It frees her from the perpetual contact, from the unending demands which small children make on the adult, and which is such a factor in ageing working class mothers, and in making nervous wrecks of many mothers. The creches and the nursery-infant school do much more efficiently, more satisfactorily, for the children of the workers, what the private nurse does for the children of the well-to-do in capitalist countries. Incidentally the creche and nursery-infant school act as incentives to parents' education. Parents are however entirely free to keep their babies at home if they wish, and many do.

The second social amenity in the USSR is the club. Again the worker has, on a much higher cultural level, those communal facilities available only to the rich in other countries. In the adult clubs there are sections for children, so that if it wishes the family can be in the same building, but sensibly enough not engaged in the same activities.

Since the USSR was only recently created out of oppression and backwardness, it is necessary to have laws for the safeguarding of the children, for the regulation of relations between the man and woman. The marriage laws are very simple. As the Soviet government is concerned with realities and not with forms, cohabitation for six months is regarded as marriage, with all the consequent duties and liabilities to each other and to children. Registration of marriage is encouraged, but is not compulsory, while registration of children is compulsory. Religious marriages are freely permitted, but have no legal status. Marriage entails the support by either partner

(Top left) MUGGING THE CAMERA. *These youngsters are members of a kindergarten group on a collective farm in the Kirov region. (Below) A geography lesson in the sixth grade of a Moscow public school.*

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of the one who may be incapacitated. This obligation continues six months after separation.

Divorce, too, is simple. Application is made by one party, both have to appear at the registry, and, when the registrar is convinced that the difficulties cannot be overcome, a divorce is given on payment of fifty rubles by the one applying for it. A second divorce costs 150 rubles, and a third 300 rubles. The custody of the children is if possible given to the mother. The man who is divorced has to contribute a quarter of his income to maintain one child, a third for two children, and so on. It is the business of the court to see that the maintenance is paid.

Contrary to expectations, neither the easy divorce nor the recognition of non-registered marriage makes for unstable marriage relations. Soviet authorities consider that monogamy is the best form of marriage and insist on a monogamous relationship. Bigamy is an offense punishable by law. The validity of non-registered marriage makes it difficult for the man to practice bigamy, since the woman in such a marriage has exactly the same claims on the man as the woman in a registered marriage. One other blot on civilization has been wiped out by the Soviet authorities, the blot of illegitimacy which makes the children suffer for the actions of the parents. But it is the organization of society more than the laws which makes for stable marital relations and satisfactory family life.

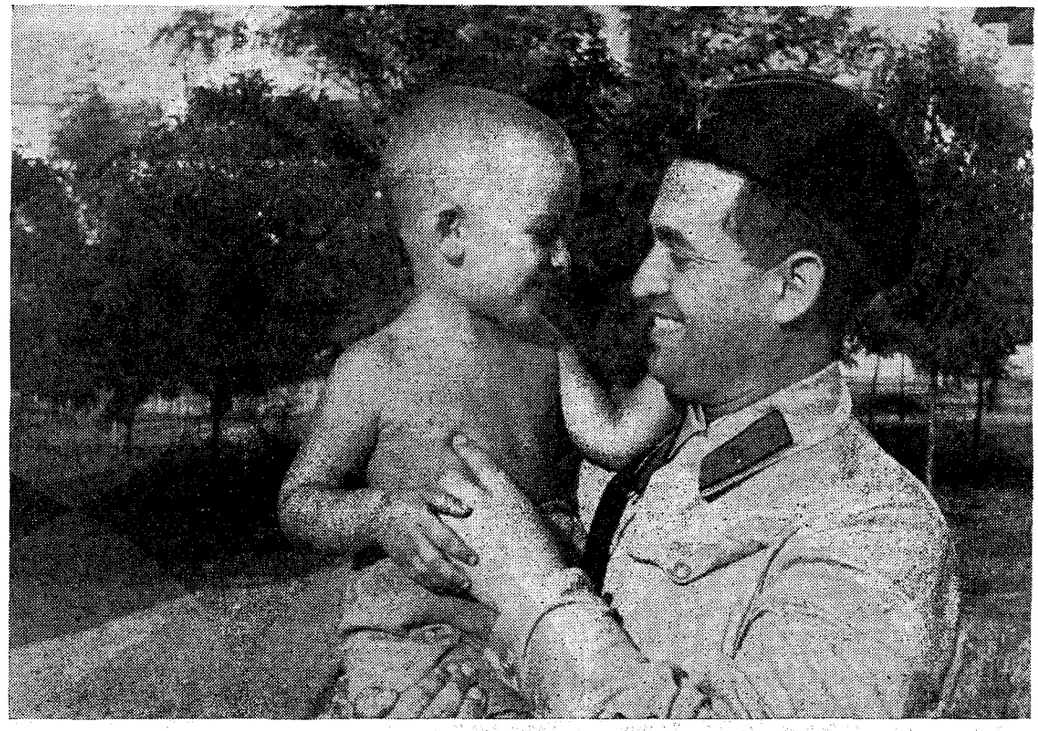
The sane and healthy environment, characterized by an absence of sex exploitation and exhibitionism, in which youth is growing up, contributes more and more to the right choice of partners. Real coeducation plays an important part in this. Boys and girls growing up, working and playing together, tend to become much surer in their choice of the right person. Community of interest and common ideals as the foundation for sex attraction are a strong binding force to married life. If we add to this the absence of the irritations, the nerve-fraying caused by economic worry, we find as nearly ideal conditions for successful marriage and family life as it is possible to have. But not only because there still remain sections of the population brought up under the old regime, but because personal difficulties do arise and will probably arise under any regime for some people, it is necessary to enable these people to solve their difficulties in the only honorable way, by freeing each of the obligations undertaken in marriage. This is achieved by the easy divorce.

AT THE SAME TIME as the laws relating to divorce were improved, the new laws relating to abortion were introduced—in 1936. The reaction of some advanced people in capitalist countries was interesting. They denounced the law as an extremely reactionary measure, obviously judging it from conditions among the working classes in their own country, where untold hardship is created by the laws forbidding abortion. But in the USSR conditions for the working woman are entirely different. In the first place, she is economically free. If she is working, she receives nine weeks' pregnancy leave with full pay. She is under medical supervision, and if her work becomes a strain she must be given lighter work without any reduction in pay. She must at the end of her leave period be taken back at the original pay. She receives various allowances for pregnancy and the lactation period. She is further aided by the provision of maternity homes, creches, and nursery-infant schools. For large families there are special allowances. Where the woman is not working, the family income is obviously sufficient. Free education for all relieves parents of another of the restraints to having children. In the USSR, therefore, having children involves no hardships for any woman or man.

Simultaneously with the publication of the decree making abortion illegal except on recommendation of a doctor for reasons of health, steps were taken to improve still further the conditions for motherhood. The allowance for buying necessities for the baby was increased from thirty rubles to forty-five rubles (it is more now), the nursing mother's allowance was increased from five to ten rubles a month. In 1938, 251.2 million rubles was spent by the State on this. A State allowance for large families was introduced: 3,000 rubles for five years for each child after the sixth, and for mothers of ten children a sum of 5,000 rubles on the birth of each subsequent child, and an annual allowance of 3,000 rubles for a period of four years after the first birthday. At the same time a program for the extension of maternity homes was embarked on. In 1939 there were 131,000 maternity beds. This will be increased to 180,500 by 1942. There has been a similar increase in the number of creches and nursery-infant schools. By 1942, 4,200,000 children will be accommodated in creches and nursery-infant schools.

The reason for making abortion illegal was not merely that a vast country required populating. It was also the definitely harmful effect of abortions, particularly repeated abortions. In 1934 there had already accumulated much evidence on the ill effects of the operations, and the authorities were only waiting for improved conditions which would justify them in denying this particular freedom to women. It should be remembered that abortion was always regarded by Communists as a temporary mitigation of an evil caused by economic conditions. In 1913 Lenin wrote that the class conscious workers "are unquestionable enemies of neo-Malthusianism, this tendency for the philistine couple, pigeon-brained and selfish, who murmur fearfully: 'May God help us to keep our own bodies and souls together, as for children, it is best to do without them.'" While under capitalism the laws banning abortion reflect only "the hypocrisy of the ruling classes—they do not heal the sores of capitalism, but make them particularly malignant, particularly painful to the oppressed masses," [Lenin], under socialism it is possible for the State to get rid of this practice which tends to destroy the family and is inimical to the woman's health.

While there are those who criticize the Soviet government as reactionary for disallowing wholesale abortions, there are others who consider the system immoral because of the easy divorce. These people do not object to a relationship where either one or both of the people have not only ceased to love, but because of that may have begun to hate. To



RED AIR FORCE PILOT *Kleinerman and his son talk over some family strategy.*

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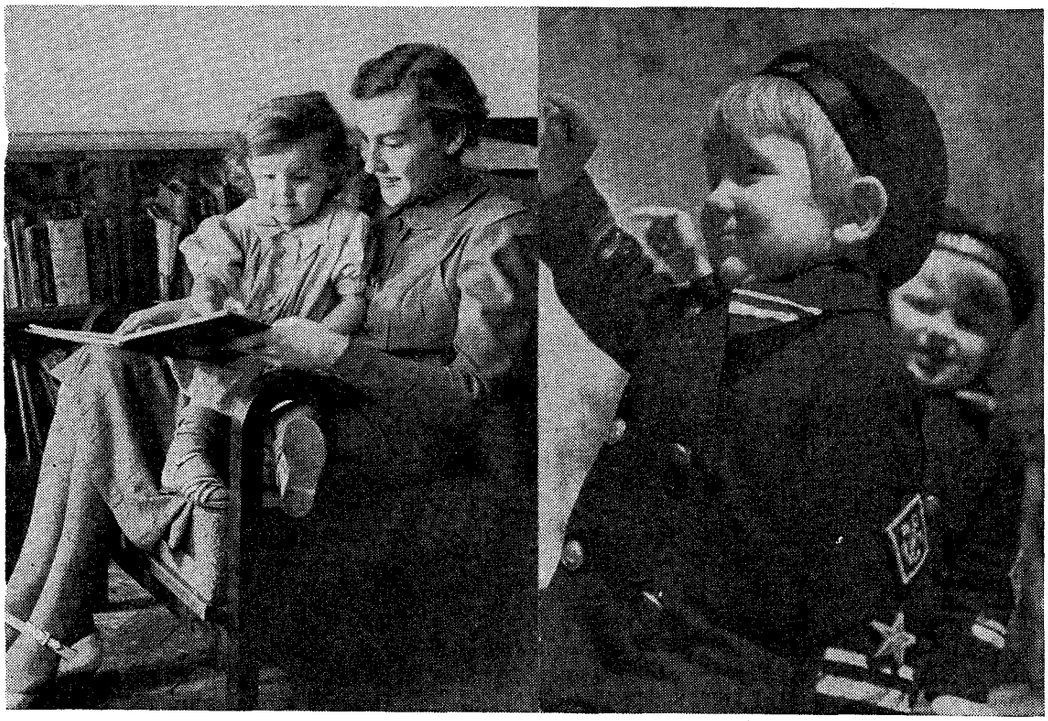
Soviet people that is an immoral relationship. "If only the marriage based on love is moral, then also, only the marriage in which love continues to exist," says Engels.

This material and moral environment which the Soviet government is creating in cooperation with all the citizens, has all the prerequisites for the highest type of family life. The family has ceased to be an economic unit, and has become a biological and a spiritual unit, kept together not by economic compulsion, but by spiritual and physical attraction. Because each member of the family feels himself free, and is respected by the others, he makes a spontaneous contribution to the happiness of the family. Because each member allows the others the freedom to develop their own personality, he is not irked by the logical restrictions which living in a group demands.



BEDTIME STORY. *Soviet film star Klavdia Korobova reads to her daughter Tania. And the two kids on the right are having a fine time waving at a parade of sailors.*

So much for the general background of family life. Now for some real families. Most of my time in the USSR was spent living with families. I have lived with all kinds of families, under the difficult conditions of 1932 and under the happy conditions of 1938. I found that the parents were concerned with many of the same kind of problems as parents in other countries, though the problems of Soviet parents were much easier to solve. There was the question of the choice of a profession. Sometimes the children did not agree with the parents. In those cases the children won. Generally they were right, but when they were wrong it was a simple matter to train for another profession. There was for some parents the problem of making their seventeen-year-olds work harder at school. Here the help of the school and Komsomol, the Communist youth organization, was sought. There was the problem of how much time and attention parents can demand from their children. I never met anger, and only in one case resentment, when a mother tried to make her daughter dance for me to music which was unsuitable. I found parents and children very intimate, children particularly hiding little from their parents.

Certain little pictures of family life will always remain with me. There was the family of four in Kiev: the father a Stakhanovite factory worker; the mother, who was at home and greeted me with her washing apron and bag of clothespins when I arrived; and the two boys. With great pride the father showed me the desk he had bought for the boys to do their homework on, and the piano for the older boy who was musical. His emotion was greatest when he opened an algebra book and showed me that he had caught up to his boys and they were now working together.

There was the father whom I caught on a frosty winter evening running after his little girl. Every evening before bedtime I learned they had a game of "He." One little picture during an exhibition of children's art —a young Red Army man lovingly holding his wife's arm and each holding a hand of a child, so obviously enjoying the exhibition and seeing it together. Then there was the day by the river, some twenty miles outside Moscow. On either side of the bank were little family groups. Soon mother was left, surrounded by the usual picnic paraphernalia—packages of food, kettles, glasses, knitting or needlework —while father took Vanya, or Manya, to paddle in the stream. One heard the same maternal instructions to be careful as one hears in any country.

Another picture of a school treat for youngsters under eight, at the end of which mothers and fathers came to take their happy offspring —each clutching a toy—home. The talk, the laughter, the "Look what I have, Mummy," as coats were being put on, deepened the impression that the Soviet family was a very happy institution.

And one final picture illustrating the attitude of Soviet-trained youth to responsibility. He was twenty-six when I met him, second in command of a trawler. The intimacy of life on ship brought his story. A prostitute had fallen in love with him when he was twenty-one, and, being more experienced and older, she won. During the five years of their life together—they did not register—she had become a different woman, but she did not satisfy his emotional needs, for he was not in love with her—not in the way he desired. To my obvious question, "Why don't you leave her—it is easy, especially as you are not registered?" he replied, "When I took her she had been living a degraded life, she was ignorant, almost illiterate. During our five years together she has become a civilized human being, but not strong enough to stand alone. If I leave her now she will go to pieces again. I cannot destroy a human being."

It is not to be imagined that all difficulties have completely disappeared. There are still many parents who have much to learn about the upbringing of a family. There is much help for such parents. The schools arrange lectures, classes, and discussions on child problems to which mothers and fathers come eagerly. There is an excellent series of cheap, simple booklets on bringing up children, and the radio has regular talks on the subject. In one district a Parents' University has been organized as a result of local initiative.

Youth, too, is by no means perfect. The conditions in the early years of the Revolution when the attention paid to children was so great, when the sacrifices made for them by adults were so heavy, when the freedom given them was unlimited, and their importance in the new life was so overwhelming, these conditions did not produce altogether desirable results in all cases. There was a tendency to too great self-importance, a tendency to demand too much and give too little in many cases. These tendencies have not entirely disappeared and educationists are concerning themselves very much with problems of children's behavior. It is held that if children have rights they also have duties, that parents, too, have rights; that their freedom must also postulate responsibility.

Children are expected to learn how to behave in the family, and *Pionerskaya Pravda,* one of the children's newspapers, devotes much space to the duties of children.

There may still be changes in the organization of family life, but the family, as the social unit on which the community is based, is firmly fixed in the USSR, at any rate for centuries. Further than that it would be foolish to prophesy.

BEATRICE KING.

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HOW STRONG IS JAPAN?

An estimate of the Mikado's naval and military strength. A predatory power's strategy. What a bloc of the four great anti-fascist countries can prevent.

WHAT happened in an unknown spot in the Atlantic off the New England Coast and what will probably happen in Moscow in a very short time may be called the first conference on *globe strategy* ever held in the history of mankind. If that knot is tied, it will bring together the economic and military efforts of over 1,200,000,000 people. For it is to be assumed that China will join the alliance, or bloc, of the USA, the USSR, and the British empire. Against this, the fascist bloc will be able to muster but one-tenth of that number.

There are many active and potential fronts of this titanic struggle, but generally speaking, they all do, and will, belong to two distinct spheres: Europe and its approaches, such as North Africa, the Near East, and the Far East. Both spheres are physically linked by the tremendous expanse of the Soviet Union. The Moscow-Vladivostok line forms the chord of a huge arc of projected fascist conquest, an arc which runs from Berlin to Bagdad, Ceylon, Singapore, and Tokyo. Theoretically speaking, the stamping ground of German fascism is west of Ceylon, that of Japanese fascism, east of that point.

This huge "bow" links two spheres of war. These two spheres are indivisible. The war has girdled the globe. German fascism is moving eastward, both along the chord of the arc, where it has reached Smolensk and the Central Ukraine, and along the western branch of the arc itself, where it has physically reached Bulgaria, Greece, and the Libyan-Egyptian border, and politically, Iran, which is about halfway between Berlin and Ceylon.

WHEN JAPANESE FASCISM reached Cam-Ranh Bay, it had pushed two-thirds of the way from Tokyo to Ceylon. The question now poses itself: Can Japan move further along the arc before doing something about the chord, i.e., without attacking the Soviet Union? In other words, can Japan afford to send the bulk of its navy and a good part of its army and air force 2,000 miles from its home bases, while the Far Eastern Red Banner Air Force is poised less than 600 miles from the heart of Japan, with the Far Eastern Red Banner Armies forming a menacing half ring of steel around Manchukuo?

And remember also that some seventy-five Japanese divisions are stuck hard and fast in China. The Chinese factor is well known by now, for it has been in existence over four years. It absorbs about 1,000,000 Japanese soldiers, probably a third of the Japanese Air Force, and keeps the Japanese Navy busy on a part-time basis.

It might be well to examine Japan's military potential and see what the Mikado's General Staff could do with it. All reliable military data on the military establishments of the powers date back to pre-war days, i.e., to the year 1939. All wartime guessing is just that, and should be taken with a grain of salt. However, in the case of Japan, these "ripe" estimates are likely to be closer to actuality than in the case of other warring countries.

To begin with, it must be remembered that Japan is *not* a great military power. It has neither the raw materials nor the industry to make it such. True, as a predatory and parasitic organism, it has grown "claws" out of proportion to its body. But these claws, the armed forces of the Heavenly Tenno, are not fed by a bloodstream powerful enough to enable them to stand up against a first class army and a first class navy.

Let us examine these "claws," if only on the basis of pre-war (1939) estimates. Japan has a population of about 70,000,000 people, plus about 28,000,000 in Korea, Formosa, and Sakhalin. This does not include the conquered scores of millions in China, Manchuria, and Inner Mongolia. Before the current war with China (1937), the Japanese Army consisted of seventeen infantry divisions and several special brigades, seventeen regiments of cavalry and four brigades of so-called "strategic" cavalry (to be used independently), seventeen regiments of field artillery, ten regiments of heavy field artillery, four regiments of mountain artillery, and seven regiments of anti-aircraft artillery. As far as moto-mechanization went, the Japanese had two tank brigades, two tank regiments, and twenty-one panzer detachments, one for each infantry division and cavalry brigade. All of these included some 375,000-400,000 men. About two-thirds of that number were quartered on the continent—Manchuria, Korea, and North China.

In 1936 Japan embarked on a six-year program of expansion and rearmament. This program envisaged an increase in numbers of the army, and its rearmament with a greater number of tanks and planes of newer types. In the beginning of 1938 Japan had already mobilized, without announcing it, another half million men and had formed twenty-six new infantry divisions, two cavalry brigades, two tank brigades, and two tank regiments. Most foreign observers agreed that by the spring of 1938 the Japanese Army numbered over 1,000,000 men with 4,500 guns and 1,800 tanks, capped with about 2,000 planes in addition to second-line reserve planes. These forty-three infantry divisions probably form, according to the German system, the nucleus for forty-three army corps, or an army of about 2,000,000. This seems to be the limit of what the Japanese can maintain in the field at one time. Raw reserves of manpower may reach ten percent of the population, or some 7,000,000 men.

And so we see that with roughly 1,000,000 men in China, the Japanese General Staff can "play around" with another million men. With the Imperial Islands guarded by the navy, the police, and a few regiments, that extra million can be distributed between the northern and southern directions of expansion. The planes of the Japanese Air Force are not very modern and its fliers not very good, judging by the showing they made in China, to say nothing of the campaigns of Khassan and Nomonhan against the Red Army.

Japanese morale is greatly over-rated. While it has a certain morale based on fanaticism and mystic patriotism, the latter has been vitiated by the very positions of the Japanese Army in Manchuria and China. Vice, drunkenness, and rapacity eat away at the Japanese Army's spirit. Furthermore, its morale cannot fail to be impaired by the bogging down in China and the sound thrashing given it by the Red Army in 1938 and 1939.

THE JAPANESE NAVY is a better instrument than the Japanese Army, the latter being very jealous of the former. It also has a tradition of "no defeat," although its only victory was that of Tsushima in 1905, won over heroic Russian sailors sailing halfway around the world in a collection of antique tubs, and fighting a decisive engagement actually 16,000 miles from their bases in the Baltic. So the Japanese Navy has really never been tried against a first class naval force, i.e., a navy with good modern ships and good men.

It does not compare well with the US Navy. Against ten Japanese capital ships the USA has twelve and soon will have fourteen. Japan has twelve heavy cruisers, the US thirteen. Japan owns twenty-seven light cruisers, the US fifteen. Japan has from two to four so-called super-cruisers, of which the US Navy has none. These are really "pocket battle ships" and that type of vessel does not stand up well against heavy and light cruisers of the normal type. You remember what happened to the *Graf Spee* near the estuary of the Plata River. As far as destroyers are concerned, the US Navy has 170 against Japan's 125. Of course, not all US destroyers would be available in the Pacific, but on the other hand Japan's boats are not all capable of doing long range fleet duty. In submarines the US also has a measure of numerical superiority, with doubtless superiority in quality. Although Japan has about ten aircraft carriers against the USA's six (or seven with the *Hornet,* which is just about completed), their total capacity is only 400 planes as against American capacity of 600 planes. Last but far from least, both the battle and cruising ranges of the US Navy are

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almost double those of the Japanese Navy.

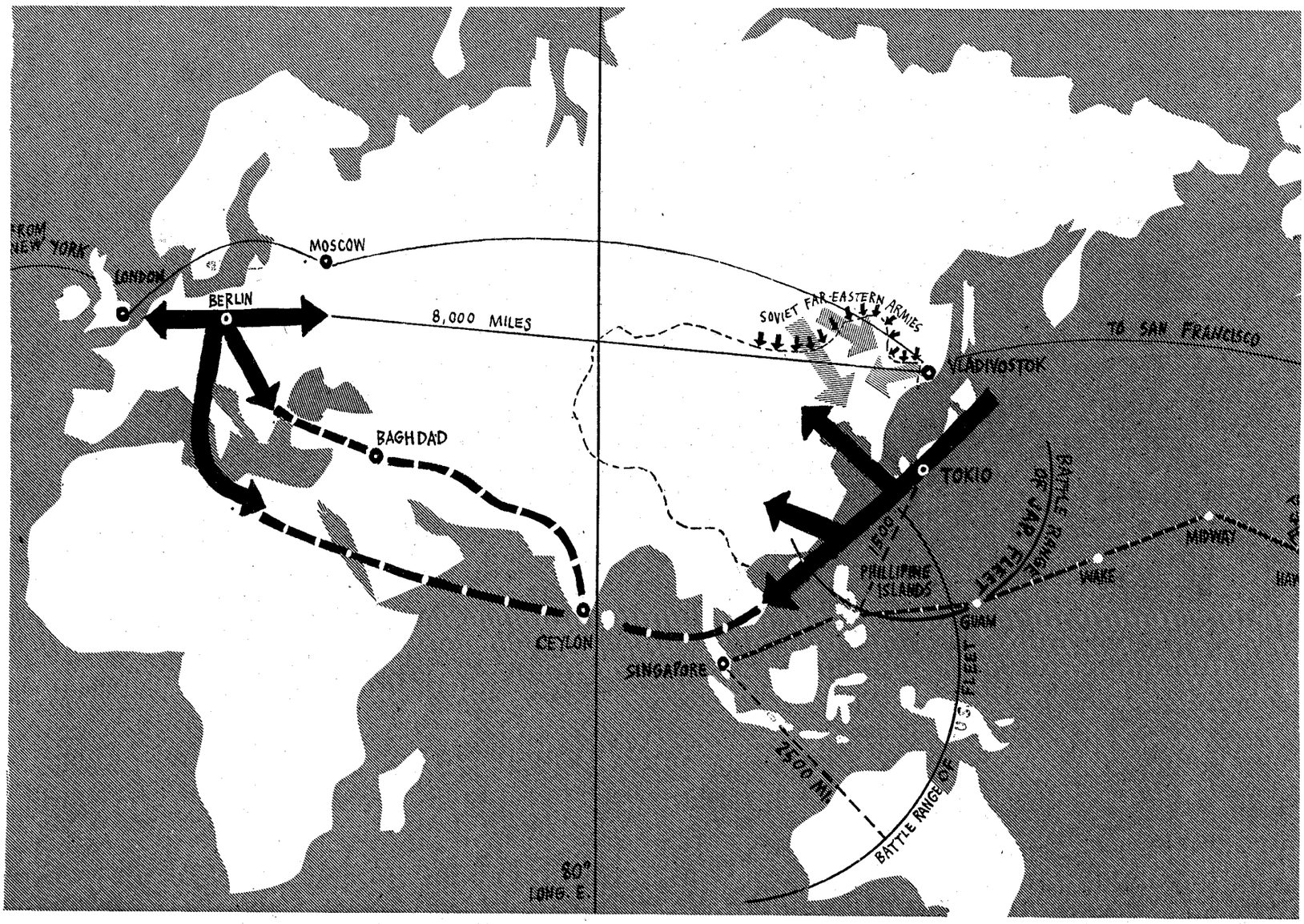
The Japanese Imperial General Staff can choose, if it should choose to move at all, to move south with the navy as its main weapon and part of the army as an auxiliary. Or it could move north with the army, part of the navy used as an auxiliary guarding the lines of supply. Somewhere on an arc drawn through Hongkong, Manila, and Guam, the Japanese Navy would be out of its battle range, because it has no real full-fledged bases outside the Islands. It would be met here by combined navies of the United States and Britain based on Singapore and having a battle range reaching from there to the southern tip of Japan and covering all of the Dutch East Indies. The outcome of the encounter is hardly doubtful. Most of the Japanese Navy would be at the bottom of the South China Sea. This would be a disaster which the Japanese Army would not survive for long. So we see that a move of the US fleet to Singapore would checkmate a southward move by Japan.

Now, what about a northward move, or in other words—an attack against the Soviet Union? A glance at the map shows that the Japanese Army in Manchuria is surrounded by a semi-circle held by the two Far Eastern Red Banner Armies. Thus huge semi-circle is marked by three great rivers forming an uninterrupted chain—the Argun, the Amur, and the Ussuri. Japan here will fight on so-called inner lines. However, this is an advantage when a stronger power fights a number of weaker powers, but it is a disadvantage when the stronger power encircles the weaker one. It must be understood, of course, that not a single man, tank or plane has been moved from the Soviet Far East to the Western Front. Japan knows *that,* even if it does read some of the American military commentators.

THE SOVIET Far Eastern Armies have shown already that they could lick the Japanese man for man. In case of Japanese attack, the Soviet Air Force, far superior to the Japanese, could make a shambles of the Japanese industries and could make the Sea of Japan very uncomfortable for the Japanese Navy. In this it would be assisted by the large Soviet submarine force. The two Red Banner Armies would probably spring a great bear-trap on the Japanese armies, working east from Outer Mongolia and west from the Maritime Province. On the other hand, it is quite possible that another variant would be used: a thrust from Outer Mongolia to the Gulf of Liaodun and another one from the region of Hassan into Korea, thus cutting off the Japanese from their Metropolis. Both tactics might be combined.

As the bloc of the USA, the USSR, the British empire, and China materializes and strengthens, then Japan might as well stay home, for it hasn't got a ghost of a chance. And this must come to pass, because if it does not, Japan can cause serious mischief before it is bound, gagged, and put in a straitjacket.

COLONEL T.



HYPOTHETICAL ARC OF NAZI ADVANCE

An original view of Eurasia. Possible Nazi thrusts into the Near East and Africa form an arc, with the main attack against the USSR as the chord.

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HYPOTHETICAL ARC OF JAPANESE ADVANCE

Note superior position of Anglo-American fleets. Question is whether Japanese dare strike out on the chord against the USSR. Shadow arrows show possible Soviet counter-attack.

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HELL-HOLE IN MARTINIQUE

What Vichy has learned from Berlin. How the local Goering fleeced and maltreated a shipload of refugees. "What is your religion?" The island's populace prays for rescue.

ON MARCH 24 of this year 200 anti-fascist refugees shipped from Marseilles on the French freighter *Captain Paul Lemerle,* bound for Martinique, the Caribbean French colony. They were men, women, and children of many nationalities: Spanish, German, Austrian, Belgian, Polish, Czech. Most of them were professional and business men—doctors, former government officials, bank directors, engineers—and a few were world-famous in the fields of literature, science, and philosophy. All were fleeing a France dominated by Hitler. Their faces were turned toward the freer lands of the Americas.

At the very last minute a Spanish government commission in Marseilles prevented all Spaniards under the age of forty-eight from going aboard. Heartrending scenes took place as families were torn apart. Women and children were compelled to board the ship while the men were kept behind. For many it meant lifelong separation, since the men would be turned over to Franco or tortured to death in French concentration camps.

The *Paul Lemerle* was a floating concentration camp. Boards were laid out for us in the freight holds. All cabins were at the disposal of a handful of Vichy agents. The stifling-hot holds of this superannuated French freighter were so frightful that some wealthier passengers offered big money for a place in the crew's quarters, paying 10,000 francs and more for a sailor's bunk.

At mealtime eating utensils were handed out to groups of ten, who received the food in a pail. For breakfast we got a murky liquid which did duty for coffee; at noon, beans or chick peas with a snip of meat; evenings, rice or beans; and about 300 grams (less than a pound) of bread per day. Still, for five francs you could get excellent white bread, for two francs a cup of coffee, for ten or fifteen a good meat dish. These came from provisions supposedly laid in for us —which we had to buy back at exorbitant prices in order to keep alive. They had been taken on in the ports of Oran and Casablanca, French North Africa, where there were no food restrictions and prices were low. Later the unconsumed quantities intended for us were sold by the ship's steward and his aides in Martinique: whole steers, preserved meats, rice, coffee, cans of milk presumably reserved for the children. When we complained about the food, the steward warned that malcontents would be shipped back to Casablanca and turned over to the Nazis. We were *sales etrangers* ("dirty foreigners") with no right to complain.

To impress upon us that we were prisoners of Vichy, a government commissioner came along to take our documents, call the roll, keep us on edge all the time. This did not surprise us. Almost without exception we had come from the French camps. We knew that the governments of France from the days of Munich *virtually,* and since the armistice *actually,* were fifth-column controlled. We knew very well that this war upon us would continue as long as we remained on French soil at the mercy of the Vichy officials. But we never expected it to assume the extreme and horribly brutal forms it did in Martinique.

Sunday, April 20, after four weeks on the high seas, we came in sight of Martinique. The passengers joyfully crowded the decks, scanning this bit of land, part of the Western Hemisphere, America. A young ship's officer, addressing a handsome girl refugee, said to her encouragingly, "Now your troubles will soon be a thing of the past." We passionately hoped he was right. Exhausted, famished, many of us had become ill. How we longed to sleep again in a bed with white sheets, to sit at a table with a clean tablecloth and eat a well cooked meal, to enjoy a little privacy, to go places as our fancy might direct—in a word, to live again like human beings.

WE ENTERED the harbor of Fort de France, capital of Martinique, at ten o'clock in the morning, anchoring about a mile from shore. A small fleet of flatboats approached, bringing soldiers and gendarmes. A thickset, brutal-looking officer, whom we at once dubbed the local Goering, came on board followed by other naval officers and gendarmes. We expected them to question us before letting us go ashore. When the local Goering distributed questionnaires, we pressed forward for them. His subordinates meanwhile barked at us as at so many prisoners. The questionnaires contained all the inquiries that we had answered orally or in writing a thousand times before. The query about "religion" was emphasized. I put the word in quotes because the answer had to show, not one's religious adherence but one's racial background. This was made doubly clear when "Goering" cross-examined us after we had filled out the questionnaires. It happened that our group included a great many 100-percent "Aryans." But our little Goering set about convincing these men and women that they were Jews too. The interrogation to which we were subjected was hardly distinguishable from those conducted by lesser Gestapo officers in the German provinces and in France.

Meanwhile the ship had again lifted anchor and steered away from Fort de France toward the other side of the bay. Some three miles from the town a tongue of land stood out, and on it were a number of ramshackle barracks. We guessed at once that this was going to be our next concentration camp. An aide to our Goering told us that this colony was called the Lazaret, that it was outfitted with beds and we would find it a paradise. We would, of course, be as free as birds and could go to Fort de France as often as we chose. And the ship to take us to the United States, said the aide, was already in port at the Lazaret.

CAMP LAZARET was a tumbledown affair. At one time it had been the quarantine station for Martinique and was later used as a stopping off place for convicts who had served their term in Guiana. The camp had no light, water, or toilet facilities. There wasn't a bed in the place. Plank-board, triangular contraptions stood around; these we left to the women and children. We felt our way in the dark with nobody to point things out to us. There was nothing to eat and, what was worse, nothing to drink. Children cried from hunger, thirst, and fatigue. At last we stretched ourselves out under the sky. A tropical downpour brought us up again and we rushed back into the shacks and lay down on the floor.

Next morning we found that we were not altogether neglected. Some preparations had indeed been made for us. Not breakfast, or water, or washing facilities. But we had been given guards, soldiers with fixed bayonets who watched every entrance and exit about the camp. We got no food or water for lunch but we did receive a visit from a crew of customs officials who came to inspect our baggage, although it had never been off French territory since the last examination of our things on the Marseilles docks.

That evening we got a chunk of bread but nothing to go with it, and next morning we were again breakfastless. But we had another visit, this time from representatives of the police and military. This commission, without any justification, demanded surrender of the checks which we were required to purchase in Marseilles upon the Banque de Martinique, in amounts of 4,000 to 10,000 francs. Those who ventured to protest were threatened with imprisonment and confiscation. There was nothing to do but obey. We were in the power of gangsters who asked ransom before

(Continued on page 16)

→ Michaels

"For the last several weeks I have felt an ill wind rising in many regions of France. The authority of my government is made a subject for discussion. . . ."—Petain.

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releasing us. After we had turned over the checks they demanded 500 francs cash per person for "maintenance." Scornfully one of the commissioners explained, "As you see, you are not being interned. You are our guests for the summer and you have only to pay the price of staying here for your vacation." Many had no cash left and the 500 francs were immediately deducted from their checks.

Among us were some who suffered badly from toothache. Their request to see a dentist was met with "Just imagine you are still in France and being bombed. That will drive your pain away." An old Belgian begged that his wife, who was down with fever, be allowed to take a room in the town so she could have treatment. He was told: "Bah! Two million of my own fellow countrymen are interned."

We might have answered that under the Articles of War, internment is for men who have actually borne arms, not for women and children and old men, regardless of where their sympathies might lie. We might have said that we had not fought against France—that, indeed, almost without exception we had voluntarily placed ourselves at France's disposal to fight Hitler; many of us had risked our lives as volunteers within the French ranks. And we might have said that even prisoners of war need not put up with a neglected camp, lacking beds and tables and washing facilities, without even a latrine. But we had to shut up. We were without ties, without connections; outcasts, we had no consulate, nobody to espouse our rights. We were just victims of Hitlerism, refugees without a country, prisoners in whom even the Red Cross was not interested.

TO REALIZE how completely Hitlerism controlled the island, you had only to read the newspapers published in Fort de France. Those were the days when Yugoslavia collapsed and German forces were making headway in Libya. According to the Martinique press the conquest of Egypt and Suez was virtually accomplished and it was only a question of weeks before a Hitler peace would be imposed upon the world. All the officials were bitter Anglophobes. Followers of De Gaulle as well as all anti-fascists were placed in concentration camps in Martinique or the neighboring island of Guadeloupe. Some had been shot to death. The population as a whole was terrorized and looked forward to United States occupation of the island to release them from Hitler's rule. Many soldiers and non-commissioned officers would whisper to us that this was their greatest hope.

Our guards consisted mostly of friendly, simple men whose bayonets did not altogether terrify us. It is true that some of them connected with the quartermaster's department and the kitchen attempted to ape their masters, thundering commands at us and showing off their authority.

On the next boat from France, several days later, thirty gendarmes arrived to reinforce the Vichy officialdom in Martinique and check up on the De Gaulle followers in Fort de France. At once some of them were "sicked" upon us. In fact, they were a sort of elite battalion selected for this purpose. Our least complaint brought a threat to send us back to Morocco, to the Nazis.

NOT LONG after our arrival a doctor came to examine us. His inspection consisted in having us sign a statement that we were in sound health. We were warned that anyone who claimed illness would be kept from resuming the trip. He further threatened with imprisonment anyone who hadn't clean habits. When we asked for some kind of sanitation, he said he would think it over. Three weeks after our arrival, after many of us had incurred intestinal disorders which threatened to grow epidemic, a latrine was constructed. It was 300 yards from the barracks. To reach it we had to thread our way over ground covered with broken glass, stones, and barbed wire ends. This was impossible at night and even during the day it was too much for the children and the sick. Moreover, it was so poorly constructed and the place was so infested with poisonous insects that within two days the latrine became unserviceable. Our camp became a cesspool at every step. In the space between the barracks pigs wallowed in the filth along with chickens, dogs, and cats, attracted by the leavings of our scant food. We organized sanitary details to keep the barracks and yards clean; we scrubbed and scoured from morn to night; but it was useless.

Mess kits had been handed out, consisting of rusty old cans—some to eat from, others for water. They cost thirty francs and may have been worth two. At mealtime we were divided into groups of twenty and each group was assigned two troughs in which to haul its food. These troughs, from which the pigs had fed, resisted every attempt to clean them. They were rusty through and through and the filth had eaten deep into them. We had to march with the troughs 500 yards to the Fort, to stand in line for our rations. These were fit for swine—the meat smelled bad, the vegetables were rotten. We lived on whatever fruit we could buy at the canteen or from Negro women who brought it into camp. Everybody who went to Fort de France got food for his group; in this way we helped each other as best we could. At last we were told a commission would visit the camp to hear our complaints and make a general inspection. It was about the sixteenth or seventeenth day that the commission—of gendarmes—came. They did not inspect the pig troughs, they did not taste the horrible food, they did not pay the least attention to our needs. They came only to decree that we were to pay twenty-five instead of sixteen francs a day for maintenance—retroactively from the day of our arrival, plus one month in advance. Payment was being deducted from our checks and we had to sign a statement that we considered the increase legitimate and proper. Anybody who showed reluctance was threatened with imprisonment and return to Morocco. (For twenty-five francs one could easily live in a Fort de France hotel and buy very good food.)

Practically all the children and many of the adults suffered from cramps and rashes. Some of the children had to be hospitalized in Fort de France because of purulent rashes. The vermin were at us night and day—bedbugs, a plague of flies and mosquitoes. We became dehumanized, and we no longer had the strength to protest.

In about a month a ship sailing for the Dominican Republic took a great number of us aboard. When the three-mile zone was passed, the French flag was hauled down. The older men watched it intently, as if fascinated by what they could read into it. When it disappeared we gave a great sigh of inexpressible relief—we had been rescued from hell.

MARTIN RUPPEL.

London Tube Station

When he is old, will he wake and remember
The glare of lights, the gathering roar of the train,
Louder, louder, out of the hollow of darkness,
And then sucked back to its sullen cave again?

Will his sleep be broken, as now it is broken,
By surging midnight crowds that jostle and shout,
Laughing, clattering close by a sleeping child
Curled in his dirty blanket, tired out?

Will he stir then, as now he stirs and whimpers,
Sunken in nightmare, startled awake again?
Wheels that grind under echoing vaults of stone
Beat, beat, beat in the human brain.

NANCY HEAD.

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Strictly Personal

by RUTH McKENNEY

SALUD, PASIONARIA!

ONLY the essentially pure in heart can believe in men's grandeur. To the mean-spirited, all things are mean; and human triumph is intolerable.

There are those who cannot stand before the cathedral at Chartres with decent awe; they must instead speak gloomily of its drafts. Whole generations of the petty have counted up the grammatical errors in *Hamlet*; for grammatical errors must heal up souls bruised by the noblest poetry in our language. Louis Fischer has recently tried to cut the whole bloody, magnificent, heartbreaking story of Spain down to his own traitor's size. Reactionary historians, faced with the sorrow and agony of a people, have tried to make the Reconstruction Era a comic interlude in American life.

And even Pasionaria could not escape the sneers and whines and sniveling, nagging barbs of the cowards who found her voice and heart and spirit too much for them to bear.

Pasionaria! The very word evokes the people of Spain in their hour of tragedy. Pasionaria! In a hundred pictures, the majestic, tortured face of Spain, radiant with hope that will never die, composed, full of dignity in the face of defeat. Pasionaria! A hundred legends, tender, awe-struck, proud, a people in arms daring everything, dying without complaint to the battle cry of Dolores Ibarruri: *Madrid Sera La Tomba Del Fascimo!*

Pasionaria! The world knew her story. The bitterly hard life as a washerwoman, wife of a Spanish coal miner. The cruel struggle against hunger. Children born in cold huts. A husband tortured by the Civil Guard. Then knowledge slowly, painfully gained; she learned to read and write after her children were born. Knowledge for use! Knowledge to make men free. Knowledge! And then gradually the people of Spain began to know her name, and the Communist Party of Spain was proud that she sat on their benches in the Cortes elected by the great Popular Front.

Pasionaria! At Madrid her voice rang out to the people, to a city already abandoned by its fearful little government officials. At Madrid Pasionaria spoke directly to the people, her people, her comrades, and the voice ringing out over the radio, the burning words, the majesty of her presence, rallied a people consigned to doom. Madrid lived, and Madrid lived in the marching feet of the International Brigades. Madrid lived in the soul of Pasionaria.

Pasionaria! She was an authentic symbol of the great fight against fascism. In a dozen countries her picture appeared on the walls of workers' houses; her fierce words were translated even into the Chinese. On the battlefront men preparing to die spoke her name, diffidently, with pride. Women laying away in a grave the body of their youngest, mangled by a fascist bomb, repeated her words of terrible anger and went out to avenge, rather than to mourn, their children.

PASIONARIA! She *was* Spain; she *is* Spain. And so the miserable little men snooped and strained to discover a speck of clay concealed under the folds of marble.

And they said: Pasionaria asks you to give your sons; her own she hides in a safe place, in Moscow.

Dolores Ibarruri never replied to this slander on her name, never said if the cruel words found her heart. Her friends could explain to those who would listen: Her son is a little sick boy, sent to the Soviet Union when he was fourteen, so that good food and rest could cure the frail body, victim along with his mother and father of the starvation the Civil Guards meted out not only to the parents who fought for liberty, but also to the children. The friends explained: He is a little boy in knee pants, he is only fourteen, he longs to return to fight, but what can a republic do with the services of a fourteen-year-old lad?

Ernest Hemingway knew that Pasionaria's son was too young and too ill, but mostly and especially too young, to fight for Spain. He knew it, because anyone who took the trouble to find out knew it.

But Ernest Hemingway wrote a whole book about Spain, *For Whom The Bell Tolls*. In this book Pasionaria's name occurs just once, on page 309. The men, preparing to die, listen to a Communist repeat her words: "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees." And Hemingway has one of his characters sneer, and answer with the lie: Pasionaria has hidden her son in safety.

This is Hemingway on the subject of Pasionaria. This is Hemingway cutting Pasionaria down to size: his size. Are you fool enough to dream of Pasionaria? Do you believe her words and answer her spirit with faith? Then listen (says Hemingway), listen, dupe: Pasionaria asks you to die, but her own son is safe!

Well, some years have passed. Hemingway has written his book and been off as a lighthearted reporter to other wars; he has grown older. And so has the young son of Dolores Ibarruri.

Lieutenant Ibarruri of the Soviet Red Army was awarded the Order of the Red Banner for valor in action, two weeks ago. Juan Negrin, former premier of the Spanish republic, sent Pasionaria a message of congratulation on her son's decoration, and word to Lieutenant Ibarruri himself: "Please inform him he has been awarded the Spanish medal for bravery."

Pasionaria must feel very proud of the child that she bore in a miner's hut, the little boy she watched grow ill and thin when political persecution reached into her home and sought out her children as well as her husband. She must feel proud, and we feel that pride with her, for this Lieutenant Ibarruri, he is Spain, Spain still fighting, Spain never defeated.

Yes, we are proud of Lieutenant Ibarruri and the medals he will wear now on his Red Army uniform jacket. But Pasionaria is a mother; the pride she feels must be tempered with a bitter fear.

PASIONARIA! We can all forget those shameless little men who yapped and chattered at your heels with their wretched slanders. We can leave Ernest Hemingway, safe in the Stork Club, to contemplate his most unfortunate "mistake." Now, in this critical hour, dear Dolores Ibarruri, all of us here in America who have always loved you even if we have never seen you or heard your voice; now we can only send you our sympathy, and our devotion, and our boundless admiration. For in this terrible hour you have turned a proud face to the world, you have sent your son to fight for freedom willingly, gladly.

Pasionaria! Across the oceans and the continents, the people of America tell you today, a loud:

Salud!

Giacomo Patri

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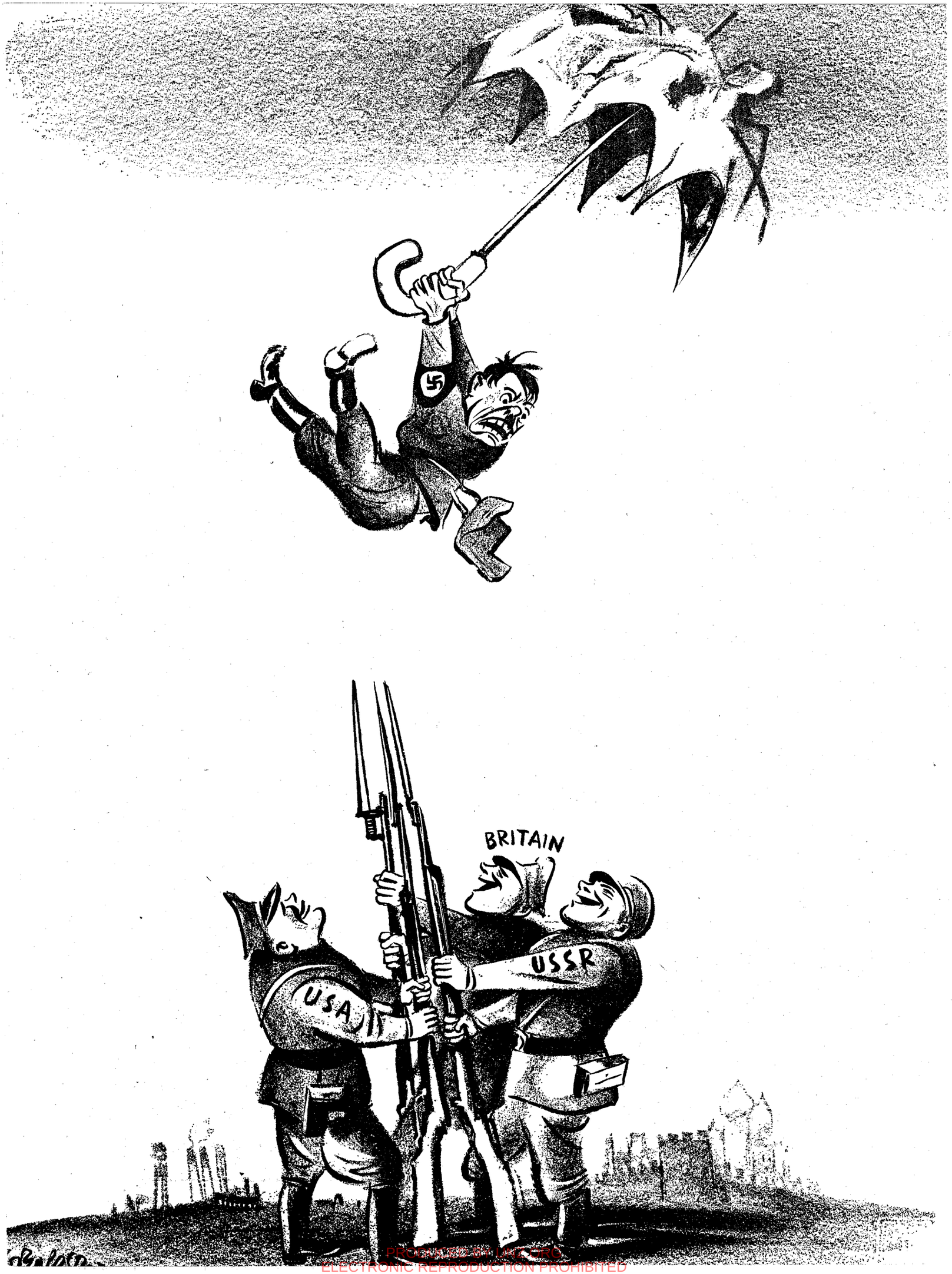

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NEW MASSES

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Business Manager
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★

For Browder's Freedom

IT IS fitting that Tom Mooney should be chairman of the nationwide Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder which has just been formed. In his own person Mooney symbolizes some of the main features of the Browder case: a flagrant miscarriage of justice, a cruel sentence, a progressive leader torn from the people at the moment when he is most needed, a popular campaign for his release, and ultimate victory. There is one difference, however. The active and united effort of the people can be *immediately* successful in the Browder case.

The Citizens' Committee is an important step toward Browder's speedy release. Still in its formative stage, it is composed of a number of distinguished and representative Americans who have come together, on a non-partisan basis, to see that justice is done. The committee includes Dr. W. E. B. du-Bois, Robert Morss Lovett, Warren K. Billings, Art Young, Meta Berger, Dashiell Hammett, Richard Wright, Sara Bard Field, and many others. Its purpose is to provide the public with the facts in the case and to work for Browder's immediate freedom.

Acting quickly and effectively, the committee is launching a coast-to-coast campaign involving the formation of local committees composed of trade unionists, educators, church people, social workers, and others. "Free Browder" literature will be widely distributed. A giant petition will be circulated requesting President Roosevelt to act at once.

During the past week, to take examples at random, the convention of the Washington Old Age Pension Union, the Seattle AFL Dock and Boatyard Workers Union, and a mass meeting of 17,000 workers in the National Theater of Havana, strongly urged the immediate release of Browder. The Citizens' Committee will find wide and powerful support. Its members are to be congratulated on the public service which they are performing.

The Front

MILITARY developments of the week bring home the hard fact that the war on the Eastern Front will be difficult and protracted. Things may get considerably worse before they get better. In the central zone the Nazis are clearly being pinned back by Marshal Timoshenko's forces, and they seem to have paid an enormous price for no visible gains. But in the northeast toward Leningrad, and in the southeast into the Ukraine, the German High Command is throwing in everything it has in terrific thrusts, and there is no denying the reality of their advance. Leningrad has of course been faced with grave possibilities from the outset; its entire citizenry has been mobilized, and the perspective is hard fighting every inch of the way, assisted by the Baltic fleet which continues to be very active. In this region weather will play an important role, and the Nazis face the real possibility of being trapped by rains and early winter.

The major German drive has therefore developed toward warmer weather and warm waters. Marshal Budenny's forces are making a systematic organized retreat toward the east bank of the Dnieper river, which happens to bend sharply eastward before it empties into the muddy flats of the delta. Much of the population seems to be withdrawing also, having snatched the harvest in while the Soviet frontier troops held fast in Bessarabia in the early and middle summer. This retreat unquestionably means the loss of important iron regions at Krivoi Rog, many power stations, plus the docks of Nikolayev, and perhaps Odessa. But the important thing is that the Red Armies will now have excellent positions on the wide Dnieper bank, supported by the big industrial region of the Donetz Basin. The USSR as a whole still has the Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov, and the Ural industrial regions unaffected by the Nazi advances. Moreover, the Black Sea fleet should have no difficulty operating from Crimean bases while a substantial air defense, which all reports acknowledge, should keep the luftwaffe from the gates of the Caucasus. Meanwhile, the Nazis are paying a heavy toll for their advance and will probably pay an even greater price in the struggle for Odessa.

Finally, as a glance at the map will show, the Red Armies on the north banks of the Dnieper as far west as Kiev now have a very strong position on the German flank. Should Timoshenko succeed in developing a big counter push in the central zone, the German High Command would be compelled to pull out of the western Ukraine almost as fast as it got in, or face the possibility of being entrapped by strong Soviet thrusts down the Bessarabian frontier. On striking a balance, therefore, it is obvious that the situation has become difficult, but nothing has as yet happened which might be called decisive. The Nazis are trying hard to get somewhere before winter. If a strong Anglo-Soviet front can be opened in the Near East, and, or even better, a strong British front anywhere along the Atlantic coast, all the territorial gains which the Nazis have made thus far will count for nothing.

Turnbull

Turkey in Straits

IT IS becoming clearer now that Hitler had long-range calculations in mind when he signed his "friendship" agreement with Turkey. For the Turks are a key power in the Near East, controlling the waterways from the Mediterranean to the Black Sea and the land bridge between Europe and Asia. Already reports are that the Turks, as guardians of the Dardanelles, have been permitting the passage of Italian ships to and from Rumania, while the Nazis are reported to be expecting large food shipments via the railroad across the Straits. It is not improbable, in connection with the Nazi drive along the northern shores of the Black Sea, that they should also be thinking of a drive along the southern shores of that sea, which would threaten both the Soviet Caucasus and vital preserves of the British empire. Whether the Nazis accomplish this by a direct attack on Turkey or by intrigue within its government is not the important thing: dispatches about an impending shift within the Turkish regime seem to bear out the second possibility, but the joint Anglo-Soviet note to Ankara, pledging support to Turkey in case of attack, seems to bear out the first.

And then there is the problem of Nazi intrigue in Iran, a large, strategically important country which borders the USSR in the Caucasus and Caspian region, stretching down to the Persian Gulf and the gates of India. Iran is wealthy in oil resources; its people are Moslems mostly of the Shia sect, though not Semitic like the Arabs. Relations with both Britain and the Soviets have been very close at times and very strained at others. Iran's strategic importance is obvious, as a glance at the map will show; there is a vital railroad, moreover, which runs down from the Caspian to the Basra Delta, built by Soviet technical help and partly with British money, a railroad that could be the most direct highway for supplies from the British empire and the United States to the Soviet fighting front. The USSR and Britain have joined in a strong note to the Riza Shah Pahlevi's government, urging the ouster of Nazi agents. Earlier in the week there were reports of an attempted coup d'etat, which would have brought pro-Nazi elements into power. And Tass also announces a German demand for the use of Persian air bases. Both in Turkey and Iran, therefore, things are moving to some sort of climax, in which a vital front may soon develop in the Near East.

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France's Hangman

MARSHAL PETAIN and Admiral Darlan are now posing as "liaison agents" between the Axis and America. It is their peculiar mission, they say, to effect a mutual understanding between a "reconciled Europe" and the Western Hemisphere. Actually, as events last week demonstrated beyond a doubt, the Petain-Darlan government is nothing but an inferior branch office of Berlin. It is an adjunct to the Nazis in an economic, military, and diplomatic sense. And its "liaison" function is limited to the task of carrying out orders dictated by the Nazis, with whom it conspired to enslave France.

In his speech to the French people Petain denounced every ideal for which free Frenchmen have fought since the Revolution of 1789. Authority, he proclaimed, does not come from "below" but from his own senile echoes of *Mein Kampf*. More significant than the announcement of "full collaboration" with the Nazis—a foregone conclusion, after all—was the degree of emphasis which Petain placed on popular discontent with his regime. Referring to the "ill wind" rising in many regions in France, Petain said: "Disquiet is overtaking minds; doubt is gaining control of spirits. The authority of my government is made the subject of discussion; orders are often being ill executed." And the speech as a whole is pitched in a key which the United Press correspondent properly terms "pessimistic."

Petain was no more successful in turning back the "ill wind" than Canute was in turning back the waves. Shortly after his speech, reports were heard of large demonstrations in the workers' quarters of St. Denis and Clichy, suburbs of Paris. Activities of "Jewish Communists" in German-controlled Paris were denounced in the press. General Stuelpnagel, German military commander in Paris, issued orders that anyone possessing an anti-German tract would be given fifteen years of forced labor. Death penalties for Communists were decreed. And in the "unoccupied" regions intensification of repressive actions against Jews, trade unionists, liberals, betokened an upsurge of wrath against the puppet betrayers of Vichy.

Stalling Buying

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S order to the Federal Reserve Bank to restrict sharply or even ban installment buying of "durable goods," such as autos, frigidaires, etc., has a special meaning for consumers. It is an open, avowed part of a program to reduce buying power. While the public may have regarded higher prices as simply due to increased costs, and heavier taxation as a revenue-raising measure, they are now learning that these things are as much designed to prevent their buying goods they desire or need badly. This, it is explained, is one of the ways to "avoid inflation"—since inflation results when purchasing power outruns supply. As Adam Lapin points out in his Washington dispatch on page 6, the real corrective to such a situation is to increase production, not to make the existing supply unavailable to all except the wealthy who can always pay whatever is demanded.

But more than a question of justice or injustice is involved in this situation. It floodlights certain features of our economic setup which demand attention and some immediate remedy. Foremost of these is monopoly control. Obviously, monopolies which have held down production to better their prices and profits are not going to suffer through a government program which embodies their own policy of restricting supply and raising prices, and at the same time guarantees them a rich profit in defense orders. Such a program means that the corporations most responsible for existing shortages will be rewarded with greater power. Moreover, it is a power which they can use against defense itself, should they choose to oppose the administration's foreign policy.

The thing to be realized, to be stated over and over, is that *there's no necessity* to curtail consumer goods or purchasing power. *Production can and must be expanded.* We have the labor power (five to six million are still unemployed); we have the potential plant capacity; with only a few exceptions we have the resources. Can anyone honestly say that we cannot have the supplies also? Organized labor has already begun to show the way with plans for increased output in aluminum, steel, and copper. The trade unions have the opportunity and responsibility of leading the people in a program of rational production which will insure an adequate defense as well as an adequate standard of living which is part of that defense.

The Acid Test

THE Rapp-Coudert committee is trying to rehabilitate its reputation with a little muck-raking. On May 9 the New York *Post* advised Coudert: "There's only one way for the committee to regain its prestige. . . . It might show the city how to save $1,000,000 a year. . . . There will be time, once the committee has made its reputation, to go back to subversive activities." So on August 13-14 the committee held hearings that "exposed" certain chemistry professors who have for more than a decade mulcted students at New York's City, Brooklyn, and Queens Colleges of tens of thousands of dollars by selling them excessive quantities of chemicals at exorbitant prices. One of these professors is David Hart, chairman of the chemistry department at Brooklyn College, who has ardently supported Coudert's Red-baiting.

But the committee concealed something more significant than it "exposed." The fact is that graft was being overcome *by College Teachers Union members,* utilizing the colleges' democratic setup. And those chemistry teachers, like Dr. Morris U. Cohen and Sidney Eisenberger, who led the reform campaign, were smeared as "subversive" by Rapp-Coudert and suspended by the Board of Higher Education! Under the leadership of these "subversives" the City College chemistry department achieved: a reduction of forty to eighty percent in prices of chemical kits for students; a fifty percent cut in the purchase of tax-free alcohol for experimental use (immediately after these teachers' suspension in April, alcohol purchases zoomed to their former level because of illicit diversion); no more purchases of scientific instruments from the Nazi firm Pfaltz & Bauer. (Directly after Dr. Cohen's suspension an order was transferred from an American firm to Pfaltz & Bauer.)

On the witness stand last March, Cohen and Eisenberger tried to tell about the graft which was being checked through vigilant unionism, but Senator Coudert ordered them from the stand. When Dr. Cohen's trial before a Board of Higher Education committee opened August 7, he again tried to tell his story. The board members insisted on postponing his trial indefinitely, pending a hastily planned "hearing" by Rapp-Coudert. Now Mr. Coudert has chosen to present only part of the truth. According to the Committee for Defense of Public Education, other things are being hushed up: practices no less dishonorable than in the chemistry scandal, involving municipal-college figures who are among Coudert's foremost supporters. Of course Mr. Coudert doesn't want a real expose; it would counteract his present effort to convince the public that the city colleges are staffed half with "Reds" and half with grafters.

The Case of Sam Darcy

SAN QUENTIN Prison may be the grim host to still another political prisoner; and a man who led in the fight to free Tom Mooney is the potential guest: Samuel Adams Darcy. On August 6 Darcy was "convicted of perjury" in a San Francisco court, and faces a possible jail sentence of fourteen years. Here is one of the clearest-cut cases of political persecution on record. The "perjury" charge is based entirely on the accusation that Darcy, while registering as a voter in 1934, gave his birthplace as New York instead of the Ukraine, and his name as Darcy instead of Dardeck. He freely admits that he was indeed born Dardeck and came to this country from the Ukraine when a small child. However, in California people can—and many do—change their names without any legal process. Samuel Darcy was known by no other name in California; under it he was twice a political candidate. As for his birthplace, it isn't certain whether this error in his registration was his own or the registration clerk's. At any rate, it had nothing whatever to do with his right to vote.

About a quarter-million similar errors were made in California registrations in 1934, *but not one person except Darcy has been prosecuted.* It took the labor-haters of California, together with the notorious Dies investigator Ed Sullivan (himself arrested since for an attempt at fraud), to discover Sam Darcy's "crime." And what was that

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crime, actually? That Darcy had led some of California's finest progressive battles against the Associated Farmers and other Hearstlings, that he had been the Communist candidate for governor of California and later state secretary of the Communist Party in eastern Pennsylvania. Six years after the 1934 registration, Sam Darcy was extradited from Pennsylvania to California, brought back in handcuffs, and "tried" nine months later. And it required a hand-picked jury, twelve men and women who testified to their own bitter anti-Communist prejudices, to convict him. The stark unconstitutionality of the proceedings is indicated by one episode alone: during the trial, defense counsel brought out the fact that in 1936 the California legislature had "canceled for all purposes" *all registrations prior to 1936*—thereby throwing out even the absurd scrap of evidence on which the prosecution was based. Yet Judge George W. Schonfeld refused to permit this to interfere with the victimization of Darcy. But "interference" there has been, and plenty of it, since the infamous verdict. It has come from American citizens, particularly trade unionists, both in California and nationally. Motion for a new trial was denied, but on September 11 Judge Schonfeld will hold a probation hearing. Sufficient protest may yet prevent the jailing of a man whose experience on democratic battlefronts has especial value now.

What This Country Needs

APPROACHING the one-million-sales mark, *The Soviet Power* by the Dean of Canterbury is more than a phenomenal best seller. It is a political event, in the sense that Helper's *The Impending Crisis* or Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was a political event. For the success of the book, which is now available in a five-cent edition, reveals the deep longing for truthful information about the Soviet Union which exists in this country. And in turn, by satisfying this demand for facts, *The Soviet Power* is helping to cement the front against Hitler. The news that a special church edition, endorsed by a number of leading ministers, will soon be issued must be particularly gratifying to the author, himself a leading churchman in England. An attempt has been made in some newspapers to smear the Dean of Canterbury as a "naive and gullible" observer. This is an ironical charge in view of the fact that it was the dean, and not the newspaper generals, who predicted the resolute defense of the Red Army, the spirited morale of the people, the economic efficiency and technical skill, which events are daily driving home. The fantasies of the Freda Utleys, Manya Gordons, and Louis Fischers are today not merely as unreadable as they were before June 22; they are actually ludicrous. But *The Soviet Power,* reread today, seems even more brilliant than the day it was first issued. It is the sort of book that gains in stature as its fundamental thesis is confirmed.

The Blight of Jim Crow

A TERRIBLE danger stalks the land, and its ugliness is fed by stupidity and the blindness of bigotry. Millions of men and women in our population who happen to have black skins are treated as second-class Americans. They are discriminated against, treated with contempt and ridicule, terrorized, murdered. And still, these people are asked, and are eager, to take their places in the armed forces, to give their loyalty and devotion that the nation can preserve its safety. Their sons and husbands and brothers make fine soldiers, imbued with the hate of fascism. But is there not a danger that they may well ask their fellow citizens, "What meaning can all this have for us?"

Look at the record—not for the past years, but for the past month. Negroes have been drafted into the army. Yet they are forbidden to become pilots—except in Jim Crow squadrons that exist only on paper. In the navy, they can serve only as mess-boys or in similar menial positions. They are segregated in separate—and inferior—living quarters. They are given no recreational facilities in the camps—no bands, no ball fields, no hostesses, no places to meet or bring their families, no libraries. They can become officers only in very limited numbers—and then they can aspire at most to low ranks.

In Mississippi race hatred was stirred up by southern bourbons in a town near an army camp. To prevent bloodshed, Negro soldiers were forbidden to leave camp at all, and their leaves were canceled. An editorial reporting conditions at Camp Upton, N. Y., was headed with the insulting title, "Don't Shake a Nigger's Hand," and white draftees were told not to mingle with Negroes. At Prescott, Ark., the press reports forty-three Negro soldiers were so hounded by white police and nearby townspeople, that they tried to run away from their misery. To "cure" the intolerable persecution that had led young Negroes to attempt to escape to their homes, the commanding officer, Major-Gen. Robert Richardson, moved the battalion away from the outskirts of town "to a densely wooded area on the Little Missouri River."

Worst of all, white military police, selected for their prejudices against the Negro people, patrol the streets of little towns, insulting colored draftees, abusing them, provoking friction between white and black. Such approved procedure led to the atrocity at Fort Bragg, N. C. Into a bus marked "Colored Troops," the MPs swaggered, and with drawn guns ordered all the occupants to raise their arms. Then they began to beat a soldier who, they claimed, was drunk. In the melee that followed, a young Negro and an MP were killed, and several others in the bus suffered bullet wounds. The MP was buried with full military pomp; the body of the Negro lad was thrown unceremoniously into the morgue, where it remains.

Segregation, discrimination—these policies of the War Department and of officers in charge of army camps have made for violence and hatred and misery. And what is true of the armed forces is also true of civilian life. Look again at the record for the last two weeks. Two Negro brothers, Joseph and Edward Cobb, were murdered in cold blood by police in Washington, D. C. Lawrence Reed, Negro, accused of stealing an automobile, was shot by Baltimore police before he had time to raise his arms in the air as he had been ordered to do. In California Lewis Colman was railroaded to jail, sentenced to sixty-five years in the penitentiary for robbery and "rape." Reputable, informed defense committees insist that Colman was framed. In Alabama Frank Bass was sentenced to the electric chair because he was found guilty of burglary. Reginald Thomas was taken to Sing Sing for two to four years for a crime he never committed: five years ago a policeman was stabbed by what eyewitnesses described as "a slight, frail boy about seventeen years old," and five years later thirty-four-year-old Thomas, broad-shouldered, huskily built, was suddenly prosecuted and convicted because once he had been an organizer for the International Labor Defense.

But these examples still do not picture the day-by-day oppression of miserable, crowded living conditions at exorbitant rents, the undernourishment, the never-forgotten, continual fear of lynching in the South, the gnawing insecurity, below-average wage scales, lack of medical care and job opportunity, the meager chances for recreation and relaxation. The latest tragedy at a Harlem pier, when three Negro women were trampled to death and many others were injured as they waited for an excursion boat, only points up the disgraceful social conditions which form a background of this disaster.

These are but a few of the more flagrant instances. What more can those who are attempting to disrupt America desire? Small wonder the appeasers are so eagerly anti-Negro and anti-Semitic. The fifth column has as its aim to sabotage, to destroy from within, to undermine morale. Jim Crow tears at American unity. Our country's safety, our most decisive needs demand that this shame be ended.

Now is the time for action. Discrimination against Negroes in defense jobs, in all occupations, must be ended. Police brutality can be checked by raising the demand for immediate investigation into beatings and murders, and the severest punishment for the guilty. Local USO boards can be forced to provide recreation for Negro draftees. The sooner the War Department and Secretary Stimson are inundated with letters demanding investigation of the army camps, the sooner conditions there will show improvement. The first step against intolerable abuses will be taken when in every community committees of Negro and white citizens, with the support of organized labor, make it their business to guard the democracy of all the people.

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JAMES CONNOLLY: A REMINISCENCE

An evaluation of the great Irish proletarian leader by a contemporary. What he did during the Dublin strike in 1913. His moral and intellectual power.

All things considered, Ireland was not a bad place to grow up in. It gave one as good a chance as any to escape the contagion of the dying capitalist world. There was in it a living tradition of men who had lived, thought, fought, and died to maintain values other than those of monied success and the philosophy, art, and religion it breeds. Amid much confusion of purpose there was contempt for the fat mind. The policeman was not universally accepted as the symbol of civilization, and there were many who understood that an honorable career might terminate on the gallows rather than on the woolsack. The United Irishmen, the Young Irelanders, the Fenians, afforded a tradition of courage, independence, and devotion. And it was not a tradition merely of revolt. The writers who had given expression to the aspirations of these brave men—Tone, Madden, Davis, Mitchel, Lalor, Kickham, Davitt—could train men to be citizens as well as rebels. What Davis wrote of Tone,

For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life and a governing mind,

goes for the whole succession. That these men were all outlaws is a condemnation not of them but of society.

I set down these names of men and movements to serve as background, for it is to this tradition that James Connolly belongs. But while many of his countrymen have accepted his life as part of the tradition, they have failed to realize that intellectually also he is by far its most important representative in our century. I suspect an underestimation of the intellect of the man against which I am moved to protest. It seems as if, in a nation of *literateurs,* his merits as a political philosopher pass unregarded. Perhaps if he had a poem to his credit he would be more highly thought of. Connolly, of course, did try his hand at verse, but in this department his competence was not great. If he needed to talk of legs, and "legs" did not fill out his line, he called them "nether limbs" and went on satisfied. Perhaps the singing-birds have never forgiven him.

But it is more probable that class snobbery has blinded the eyes of the wits. How otherwise account for the fact that a sensitive man like Æ [the pen name of George Russell, the Irish poet], when he put into a song the names of the men of Easter Week, treated Connolly with so awkward a condescension? "Connolly, my man," is the form his tribute takes. Can it be that "Connolly, my man" still represents the attitude of the intellectuals to his work? If so, it is a disabling approach, and one might suggest a remedy. Let an honest man reread *Labor in Ireland* in the edition prepared by Robert Lynd, which includes, as an appendix, Æ's famous letter "To The Masters of Dublin." Let him give every credit to Æ for his courage and his eloquence. But when he has realized how ignorant, in comparison with Connolly's work, how complacent, how rhetorical Æ's pronouncement really is, only then may he claim that his political education has begun.

The truth is that if one is to seek anywhere for a statesmanlike program of action for Ireland, one will find it only in Connolly. He alone of his Irish contemporaries possessed an insight into the nature of modern society, a concrete understanding of Ireland's position and possibilities in the world as it is. In addition, he had the courage always to talk and act out of this knowledge. Flung onto the labor market at the age of eleven, he had enjoyed fewer opportunities of literary culture than other Irish leaders of his day, but his political philosophy was deeper, better nourished, more humane, more reflective, better balanced, and of tougher fiber than theirs.

Historically considered, the sources of his strength are easy to understand, though I did not understand them at the time. To the Irish tradition which he had studied and mastered, he had added a new element. He was a worker who had assimilated Marx. A human commodity on the world's market, he had a theoretical understanding of what a commodity is. He felt himself to belong to the class which is destined to take over the direction of affairs. Morally and intellectually he measured up to his historical role, and methodically equipped

"I'd love to read Sholokhov's book, but the 'Nation' says it's for peasants."

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himself for it. His powerful intellect was in the control of an overmastering purpose. His Marxist theory guided his reading and enabled him to make the best use of his opportunities. The result was remarkable. His writings constitute not only an original interpretation of Irish history, but the most explicit account which any Irish leader has succeeded in bequeathing to posterity of the principles which guided his actions.

It was in 1913 that I saw Connolly for the first and only time, saw him and heard him speak. That was the year of the great Dublin strike, the year when the Dublin employers under Martin Murphy made up their minds to break trade unionism for good. It was civil war, with hunger as the main weapon. In those ugly weeks it was not necessary to look below the surface of society to understand its class basis. "You cannot win," the employers warned the workers. "We shall continue to eat three square meals a day and you will starve." The state machine enabled them to carry out their threat. The police and the soldiers, guarding the supplies and sitting on the lorries, superintended the distribution of food and drink to the bourgeoisie while a handful of Dublin bosses starved the workers into submission. It took a little time, for food ships came across the Irish Sea from workers on the other side. But starved they were.

SUCH SCENES were not altogether without effect on bourgeois opinion. Some generous voices were raised in championship of the workers' cause. It was then that Æ, taking upon him the mantle of Jonah, went down to Nineveh and cried against it. Even professors began to wonder whether politics had begun and ended in Athens, and whether to be a citizen in Dublin in 1913 might not involve having an opinion and taking a stand upon the issues that were being fought out in the town. The provost thought it advisable to put strikers' meetings out of bounds for students of Trinity College. But even Trinity did not escape the shock. The Gaelic Society met on one of those days to honor the memory of Thomas Davis. It was one of those occasions when a few fathers, more mothers, and many aunts attend. By some chance Jack White, who was shortly afterwards to drill the Citizen Army, had been brought in, as a distinguished visitor, to propose a vote of thanks. Whoever had expected him to say the necessary few words had got him wrong. Many years had elapsed since Davis had died, but the children were hungry all around us that night, and the fathers were looking at the mothers and trying to make up their minds what they ought to do about the bosses' demands. Jack White felt these things and he spoke urgently, not about Davis, but about the strike and the meeting Connolly was to address the following night. An hysterical cry from one of the ladies present testified to the nervous shock produced by the sudden intrusion of the slums on Trinity College. The audience began to disperse.

Next night the crowds to hear Connolly were so great that I managed to find only standing room in an overflow meeting. While we were waiting, a professor said a few words of a very professional sort, about the need for goodwill on both sides and the horrors of civil dissension. Then Sheehy Skeffington, ever ready to do a service, was put on to keep us amused. A lovable man, author of a fine book on Michael Davitt which the unofficial censorship of the Church efficiently eliminated from circulation, he had yet something of the gamin in his makeup, and he did not succeed in raising the issue that forced the meeting out of the spiritual shallows in which the professor had left it. It was a relief when a side door on the platform opened and Connolly hurried in.

It was, as I have said, the only time I saw him, but he left on me an impression of greatness which time has not reduced. A roar of appreciation greeted his appearance, punctuated by cries of "Murder Murphy," the designation with which the workers parodied the name of their chief opponent. Connolly's hand was raised for silence. "No more of that," he said. "Those words will do him no harm and they will do you no good." One must recall the violence of feeling at the time to understand the effect of that quiet rebuke. The whole man was behind it, and the work he sought to do, turning a mob into an army. The mood of the meeting was transformed. It was like Othello's entry on the scene of the brawl: "Keep up your bright swords for the dew will rust them." We too, we dimly felt, were abusing our precious weapons in an unsoldierly way. We ceased giving noisy vent to our feelings and settled down to listen.

THE SPEECH was a new thing in my experience. In bourgeois circles the strike was not a thing that needed to be understood. It was something for the police to deal with. Or, if taken with serious concern, as, for instance by Æ, it became a matter for scolding or prophesying, not a problem to be scientifically understood. Now for the first time, as Connolly began to speak, I heard the problem of modern civilization posed in all its magnitude and complexity, and analyzed in a scientific way. In that hall we were met not to consider an accidental dispute which had arisen through faults of temper, but a clash of interests which affected, and must continue to affect until it found its solution, the lives and fortunes of the whole city. Nor was the problem merely a Dublin one, or an Irish one. It was a crisis of civilization, as wide as the world itself. It was not a mysterious unpredictable event which had descended on the world out of the blue, but the inevitable result of historical processes. And our business was not the trivial one of finding out whether more mistakes had been committed by the employers or the employees, and so determining our allegiance in the present dispute. Our need was to understand the structure of modern society, to understand the relation of political society to the mode of production, to understand our problems in the light of history, and to take our stand accordingly.

Such, as well as I can now recall it, was the general tenor of his address. As it proceeded, many things assumed for me a new significance. First, the personality of Martin Murphy dropped out of the picture. Instead there came into the foreground his ownership of the Dublin tramways and of railways at the antipodes, and, among his many other enterprises, his control of opinion by his hold on the press. Secondly, one understood the futility of appeals for psychological adjustments of the relations between owners and workers, and the poverty of the philosophy of those who utter such appeals. Finally, there was the need to substitute for the indifference of the bourgeoisie and for the anger of the proletariat a program of action based on objective understanding of the facts.

Though I never saw Connolly again, after his meeting I took the opportunity to acquaint myself with his writings. I look back now and try to think what it might have meant to Ireland if the country had been prepared to learn from him and to follow his lead. Consider Mr. De Valera, for instance. He fought as a young man to free his country in the belief that the kind of freedom he fought for would stop the stream of emigration which drains the young life out of Ireland. Now, an aging man, he sits in the seat of power and watches the stream of emigration still flow unchecked. Mr. De Valera fought behind Connolly in 1916, but, if he ever acquainted himself with the ideas of his leader, he has given no proof of it.

Already in 1897, in his pamphlet *Erin's Hope,* Connolly had made clear how inevitable was the failure of the social program of Sinn Fein. Arthur Griffiths could never have brought his Sinn Fein movement to anything without the inspiration of Easter Week. But Sinn Fein dropped the social ideas of the Republic from the start. The Republican proclamation had declared "the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland," and had proposed to guarantee "equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens." Sinn Fein substituted a completely new set of proposals, derived from the German apostle of economic nationalism, List. The main points were: protection of Irish industries, the proposal to set up an Irish stock exchange, and a promise to pay the workers "a living wage." For a generation now Irish politicians have been playing a fantasia by Arthur Griffiths on a theme from List. It is time the people, who must pay for it, called their own tune.

PETER FARBEN.

Art in Wartime

BRITAIN AT WAR, *edited by Monroe Wheeler. The Museum of Modern Art. $1.25.*

THIS is the Museum of Modern Art's illustrated catalogue of its show of British fine and applied art as it pertains to the present war and, in much smaller part, to World War I. The catalogue contains reproductions of oils, water colors and wash drawings, photo-

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graphs, cartoons, posters, and examples of defense construction and camouflage.

The most interesting section, that on camouflage, portrays devices of mimicry, distortion of form, super-imposition of complex shapes and color areas upon simple and too recognizable objects, and smoke screens for whole urban centers. The importance of the airplane in reconnoitering as well as its conversion into a mobile artillery unit has made necessary some revolutionary changes in modern methods of concealment. Objects must be made invisible chiefly from the air; they must cast no identifying shadows. Conversely, simulated objects must be made to look like real military targets, directing enemy fire away from the latter. Towns are converted into countrysides by covering their roofs with grey-green wood shavings, while parallel furrows to resemble railroad tracks are ploughed in fields. Dummy guns and faked villages are constructed, and gun-concealing nets are patched with white rags to resemble stretches of snow on bare ground. The use of lighting to eliminate shadows does not seem to have been explored.

The fine arts section is not so successful. Conventional portraits of officers and enlisted men by academicians are interspersed with meticulous semi-abstractions related to the war only insofar as their patterns are those of ruins instead of cones and cubes. Meaning is too often sacrificed for pictorial or formal qualities. "The Withdrawal from Dunkerque" by Richard Eurich, "an amateur yachtsman," looks like a modern Currier and Ives version of the Coney Island boat leaving Steeplechase Pier. One of the neatest bombed houses I have ever seen is by John Armstrong, of whom the catalogue says, "Even before the war this artist delighted to paint ruins." Henry Moore, leading abstract sculptor, contributes a drawing whose beautiful lines suggest the east pediment of the Parthenon rather than an air raid shelter. There are, nevertheless, signs that British artists are realizing that devotion to form need not prevent painting from being a medium of deep human expression. The lessons of the war will hardly be lost upon artists of integrity who are drawn to participate in the struggles of the people to understand fully the issues that affect them so profoundly.

The posters are excellent. They are devoted mainly to air-raid and espionage precautions, the emergency postal schedule, and the program for larger crops. They employ the best modern devices of suggestion and are imaginatively economical in design detail. No chauvinism or hatred of the German people is invoked. CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Brief Reviews

THE LONG WEEK END: *A Social History of England, by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge. The Macmillan Co. $3.*

In a somewhat too deft piece of writing, Messrs. Graves and Hodge sum up events and manners in England through the two decades since the end of the first world war. We learn that around 1919, soldiers returning

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from the war brought with them an increased tendency toward homosexuality. There is much detail about this and about how short skirts swept over Mayfair, but little on what happened in the mining towns of Wales or what the dole did to the English working class in the same period. There is not a line of information on wage levels, milk consumption by children, or any other such prosaic matters outside the ken of Bloomsbury.

The authors portray a fairly complete cross-section of the English middle class, but they see England through the spectacles of over-"cultivated" members of that class. To them the General Strike of 1926 arose out of nowhere like some mysterious plague, to be exorcised with speeches and threats. Then, as though banished by primitive magic, the strike disappeared. The sun shone as usual and the unpleasant or amusing incidents were forgotten.

Occasionally Messrs. Graves and Hodge drop this newspaper-file treatment to venture some opinions. They know that the appeasers ruled and ruined British foreign policy in the critical years 1934-39, but their praise of the London *Daily Worker* for its fight against the lies and equivocations of the reactionary press during this time is not very graciously bestowed. They occasionally go in for Red-baiting. On the whole, however, their worst fault is a stylistic fashion of underwriting important themes.

DOCTORS DON'T BELIEVE IT—WHY SHOULD YOU?, *by August A. Thomen, MD. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.*

If Dr. Thomen's book does nothing else, it will serve to allay a yearning that afflicts millions of average people, namely to get burning medical questions answered without having to ask them. Through ten chapters the author uses the query-and-answer form to dispel current anxieties and superstitions about the human body, its functions and its ills. The major and minor ailments, from cancer to the common cold, and the techniques for combating them are simply but thoroughly described. Diets and other worries of daily life are treated sympathetically, with respect for the layman but not for his illusions. A sprinkling of humor makes the book still more readable.

WAGES AND PROFITS IN WARTIME, *prepared by Labor Research Association. International Publishers. 5c.*

Using official United States government statistics, this excellent pamphlet analyzes the tremendous rise in industrial profits and the decline in real wages since the war began. It marshals the facts about the expanding monopolization of American business, points out the social and political dangers which accompany such concentration, and concludes with a ten-point program of social legislation to counteract its consequences. Like all LRA publications this study is full of interesting illustrations and statistical comparisons which enliven its well ordered material.

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MACHINES BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

John Howard Lawson on the development of production techniques in the theater. How the Federal Theater project broke the technical limitations of the commercial stage.

THE issue before us today is the issue of a people's theater. It may seem to some that historical and theoretical discussion is of slight value in the crisis which confronts us. These enthusiasts urge us to proceed to the practical task: "Let us build a people's theater!" We have heard this cry for the past ten years. The very urgency of the present need makes it doubly important that we build on a good foundation which can only be provided by concrete knowledge of theater history.

I believe there are certain aspects of dramatic production which have been neglected, and which must be given major consideration if we are to achieve an integrated approach to theater problems. I refer especially to two factors: the *machinery* of stage production, and the function of the actor as the living element through which the dramatic content is projected.

Let us turn first to the problem of the machine (the technological level of lighting, stage effects, movement of settings, etc.). We shall then try to relate this aspect to the activity of the actor.

Obviously we are not dealing with theater in a vacuum, but as an integral part of society. Many thinking people are aware of the fact that our social habits—our customs, ideas, and conventions—are determined by the economic system in which we live. Today, the development of the machine has reached a marvelous technological level, but an anarchic and decaying economic system makes the further orderly growth of technology almost impossible.

If this is true of society as a whole, it is also true of culture, which is an integral part of society. The machine offers limitless cultural possibilities; the thwarting of these possibilities is one of the burning issues of our time.

I believe most of us would admit this premise as a generalization, especially as applied to the motion picture and the radio. But I have introduced the subject in a session devoted exclusively to the drama, because I am convinced that the technological and economic factors are equally dominant in the realm of the theater—and indeed in all branches of literary endeavor. The method of machine production has determined the course of literary history since the invention of the printing press. The three-decker novel was made necessary by the conditions of manufacturing and selling in its period; the rise of the short story in the nineteenth century coincided with the development of the magazine and was socially determined by changing factors in the cost, design, size, and distribution of the magazine.

Margaret Bryan

Actor and Masks

Large-scale mechanized production of culture appears (inevitably) at a given stage of our economic development. The writer who has been encouraged to think that he writes in an esthetic vacuum is astounded to find himself face-to-face with the machine. His first reaction is similar to that of the textile workers in England when they were first confronted with power looms. He sees a system of social production which threatens his livelihood, his habits of work, his control of his material, his dependence on his own skill and initiative in creating and selling his product. His impulse, like that of the textile workers, is to wreck the machines or at least to deride their usefulness and to misjudge their creativeness.

THE MACHINE has served the theater ever since the ancient days of the *deus ex machina*. Today the mechanics of stage presentation is a determining factor in the performance. But this factor is concealed: theater people think of themselves as artists whose creative ideas are interpreted by whatever stage personnel and stage machinery happen to be available. The theater faces the contradiction which faces industry as a whole: the commercial stage is fettered to conventional methods and limited equipment; we may dream of the wonders which modern technology might bring to the theater, but the economics of Broadway production (the narrowing audience, the dependence on the motion picture, the financial risk, etc.) mean that there is no call for invention or resourcefulness. On the other hand, the progressive theater operates under painful economic restrictions, which cause a corresponding limitation of technical facilities.

Thus the problem of technological trends in the drama, as in the motion picture and in industry in general, is a political question.

In the history of the theater, stage machinery has been put to varied uses. The clouds and angels of the Elizabethan masque, the intricate spectacles of the Restoration, were designed to relieve the boredom of an upper class audience. In these productions machinery was used for its own sake; the actor played a subordinate part and the human personality of the player was concealed by artificial rhetoric and absurd gesture.

This brings us to the neglected problem of the actor. So far as I am aware, there is no book in existence which deals connectedly and in historical terms with the development of acting. There are hundreds of memoirs, anecdotes, and biographies. But the task of relating the performer to the general progress of the drama has never been attempted. Yet drama is people: however skillful the dramatist may be in embodying the image of man in his script, the actor's technique determines the reality of that image.

Let us turn to the development of the modern theater in an attempt to relate the art of the actor to the general level of social and technological development.

The middle years of the nineteenth century may be taken as the starting point of the modern drama. Ibsen wrote his first play in 1850. The industrial revolution affected the whole structure of the theater.

In the United States, the change dates from the end of the Civil War. The introduction of new business methods touched every phase of theatrical enterprise; the stage became a field for considerable capitalist investment. A million-dollar theater was built for Edwin Booth in New York. Jim Fiske built a theater for John Brougham, and then produced opera *bouffes* in it himself. The road became an important source of profit: this led to the rehearsal of duplicate companies. This in turn led to the growth of booking offices in New York to arrange the tours of attractions. In 1888, the largest booking office was in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, who saw that they could make more money by acquiring chains of theaters, booking their own attractions in their own houses at their own prices. Thus trustification brought centralized control of production and exhibition. (The same process was to be repeated by the motion picture industry in the nineteen-twenties.)

The expanding facilities of theater production brought eager craftsmen to the service of a medium which seemed to offer

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unlimited new possibilities for creative growth. The middle class artist shared the dream of the middle class businessman. Steele Mackaye was one of the most typical, and also one of the most brilliant, theater workers of the period. It was characteristic of the time that Mackaye was playwright, director, actor, and technician. He recognized that invention was the key to artistic progress in the theater. A man of genuine scientific attainments, he invented the first elevator stages; the first system of fireproofing scenery; the use of moving captions on a screen; an air cooling and purifying system; folding chairs for the auditorium, and a whole series of electrical contrivances.

Mackaye believed passionately that these inventions could be both creative and profitable. But the fruits of his labor were consistently stolen from him. He even lost control of his play, *Hazel Kirke*. Road companies, rehearsed by the author, brought the profits on this play into the millions. But Mackaye got no payment for his work as playwright and producer. While the law suit dragged on until his death, his name was even taken off the program of the play.

Mackaye's life story offers an ironic commentary on the position of the artist in the days of expanding industrialism. But we are here concerned with his contribution to the technique of stage production. His faith in a living theater led him to move consistently toward deeper realism. This drive toward realism motivated his experiments with stage machinery and lighting. He saw that the heart of the problem lay in the actor's approach to his role. Basing his work on the theories of Delsarte, Mackaye developed a concept of acting based on naturalism, psychological analysis, and ensemble acting. He spoke of "the connection of the laws of expression with character, morality, esthetics, and religion." The New York *World,* in 1872, found these theories very amusing: "We shall hear next of comedians with a science and intelligent ballet dancers."

But it was obvious that subtlety of expression, simplicity of gesture, the relationship between characters, the treatment of the ensemble, depended directly on the lighting of the stage. Mackaye dispensed with footlights, developed overhead lighting, and introduced other innovations with this end in view. When his Madison Square Theater opened in 1880, it was equipped with complete electrical equipment installed under the personal direction of Thomas A. Edison.

Mackaye's work was not an isolated phenomenon. In Europe and America the actor was experimenting, changing, and improving his methods, under the searching glare of the electric lamp. In 1878, Augustin Daly writes of Henry Irving's fondness for "shutting down every light . . . while he has directed from the prompt place or flies, a closely focused calcium—which shines only and solely upon *his* face and head." Thus the closeup invaded the theater, as it has since become useful (and occasionally cheap and absurd) in the motion picture. But electricity did much more than offer melodramatic illumination to Henry Irving's face. It offered the opportunity for an artistic depth and truth which had not been possible on the gas-lit stage. In Ibsen we see the whole scope (artistically and socially) of this technological change. Four factors may be particularly stressed: (a) The development of characterization through the illumination of the performer's face; (b) The ensemble is brought into focus through the diffusion of light on all the persons on the stage. (It may be noted that this is similar to the technical innovation introduced in Welles' *Citizen Kane,* in which the cameraman, Gregg Toland, uses a new lens and system of lighting to bring the characters into focus.) (c) The diffusion of light also offers new opportunities for detail and realism in the setting. (d) Ibsen's extraordinary use of physical detail, of small objects which serve to illustrate character and develop action, is possible only on a properly lighted stage.

IN ESTIMATING the work of Ibsen, we must understand both its scope and its limitation. He expressed the confused and embittered reaction of the middle class to the increasing contradictions and tensions of industrial society. This was a genuine and progressive protest in terms of its period, but we can understand its value only by a correct appraisal of the class alignments which determined the economic and social development of the theater.The nineteenth century theater served the needs of the industrial middle class; its vigor, its ability to absorb and utilize technical innovations, sprang from the fact that this class was still moving in a forward direction. As we approach the last decade of the nineteenth century, as industrialism moves toward increasing concentration of capital and the formation of trusts, the voice of middle class protest becomes more articulate and shrill. This protest reflected the growing struggles of the working class, which was moving toward stronger and more conscious organization. In the nineties, the Independent Theater movement appeared almost simultaneously in many of the capitals of Europe. Antoine started the *Theater Libre* in Paris in 1887. He demanded that "the stage setting must be reduced to limits that will be in conformity with the surroundings of contemporary life, and the characters must move about in their realistic element." . . . The "acting will be amplified by a thousand and one nuances and by a thousand and one details which have become indispensable in molding a character logically." Otto Brahm's *Freie Buhne* in Berlin (1889) and J. T. Grein's Independent Theater in London (1891) followed approximately the same program. It is significant that all of these theaters had Ibsen's *Ghosts* as one of their earliest and most striking productions. A similar attempt to start an independent theater movement was inaugurated in America by James A. Herne, who had just shocked and invigorated the American stage by the bitter realism of his play, *Margaret Fleming*; a meeting was held in Chickering Hall, Boston, in 1891, attended by Herne, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garlan, and others, and a manifesto was issued, but there was as yet no considerable audience of rebellious intellectuals in the United States, and the movement did not continue.

The only country in which a working class theater developed at this time was Germany; in 1890, the *Freie Volksbuhne* (not to be confused with the *Freie Buhne* mentioned above) was founded by Bruno Wille with the direct support of trade unions and workers' organizations. By 1914, this organization had 50,000 members and its own playhouse, one of the finest and best equipped in the world. It was only in Germany that a working class play developed out of the free theater movement: Hauptmann's *The Weavers.*

In 1889, the Irish Literary Theater (which was later to become the Abbey) gave its first performance in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin. The richness and vitality of the Irish theater, which brought forth the creative energy of Synge and later of O'Casey, sprang from the Irish nationalist movement of which it was a part. It offered direct expression to the revolutionary aspirations of the Irish people. Yeats and Lady Gregory created a smoke screen of polite mysticism around the activities of the theater, but the people of Dublin made the Abbey their own, endowing it with their courage and hope.

In 1898 the Moscow Art Theater was organized by Stanislavsky and Nemirovich-Danchenko. This, too, was a theater of middle class disillusionment and protest as expressed in the plays of Chekhov, but it gained its strength from the fact that this protest was of a deeper and more revolutionary character in the Russia of the czars.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, we enter the epoch of imperialism. The period of comparative stabilization has reached a close, and threatening clouds darken the horizon as the open struggle for markets moves toward the outbreak of the first world war. As this cataclysm approaches, a change comes over the theater. The "independent" intellectuals are as yet completely unable to play an independent part; they have as yet attained no clear understanding of the historic role of the working class.

Up to the early 1900's, the main drive of the middle class theater has been progressive: technological developments have served to deepen the *realism* of production. Great strides have been made in the technique of

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See page 25

acting, because the actor properly has been regarded as the living and motivating factor in the stage action. Antoine and Stanislavsky were hampered by a limited social viewpoint; their understanding of the actor's role was idealistic and subjective. But their work was in the tradition of nineteenth century humanism.

About 1900, the trend of theater production undergoes a marked change. There is no further drive toward realism in acting; the artist in the theater is no longer concerned with the accurate presentation of the struggles and hopes of living people. The marvelous magic of modern lighting and staging is utilized to dwarf the actor and make his performance insignificant. Craig and Appia create a stage in the image of their own fears, a picture of masses of light and shadow through which the actor moves as a helpless and tragic figure.

AGAIN, as in the earlier revolt of the Independent theaters, the tendency appeared simultaneously in many countries. Lugne-Poe and Copeau appeared in France, Granville-Barker in England, Reinhardt in Germany.

In Russia, the change in viewpoint centered around a specific event: the failure of the 1905 Revolution, which brought despair and defeatism to the intellectuals of the period. Gorky remained a militant and hopeful realist. But Andreyev expressed the turn to mysticism (and the concrete political reasons for it) in *To the Stars.* Written in 1905, this play deals with an astronomer whose son has been executed for his part in the Revolution. The scientist conquers his grief by pointing to the infinity of the universe; grief is a small thing in the face of the eternal stars.

Stanislavsky continued his work, but in general he simply elaborated and systematized his methods. In 1908, the Art Theater presented Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird,* and in 1912 Stanislavsky invited Craig to Moscow to produce *Hamlet* in all the trappings of estheticism.

Another side of the drive toward abstraction was the development of theories of scientific and "functional" design. The net result of these theories was also to dwarf the actor. The Meyerhold studio of the Moscow Art Theater illustrated this trend. In 1905 Meyerhold's system of stylization made it difficult for him to work with living actors, and he was impelled to draw his inspiration from the movements of marionettes. Some years later, Tairov and Vadhtangov moved in the same direction.

The movement against realism was given a new impetus in Germany after the war. The Epic movement expressed the embittered and confused intellectual protest which followed the betrayal of the German revolution. In *Man and the Masses,* Ernst Toller expressed the tragic uncertainty of the middle class faced with the realities of the class struggle. Piscator and Brecht sought to overcome this contradiction by a harsh insistence

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upon their intellectual objectivity; they set up the theater as a "tribunal" whose judgments should be impartial, scientific, and even above politics.

In the United States, the Spanish-American War in 1898 may be regarded as the first step in the imperialist policy which brought us into the first world war. Mackaye and James A. Herne had served the theater as socially conscious artists. David Belasco represented the new trend; in 1900, he glorified American imperialism in *Madame Butterfly*. He then proceeded to dramatize the more blatant aspects of rugged Americanism in *The Girl of the Golden West* and *The Rose of the Rancho*. At this time, Belasco used the magic of modern stage lighting for a softened and suprious "realism," which suited the mood of well-to-do theater goers in the heyday of "Manifest Destiny." But as 1914 approached, there began to be hints that there were manifest dangers in the policy of "Manifest Destiny." The mood of the theater became more somber; in 1911, Belasco met the demand for psychic consolation with the *Return of Peter Grimm*. This was the general direction of the theater of the period: William Vaughn Moody, who had written an honest American play, *The Great Divide*, in 1904, offered *The Faith Healer* in 1909. Edward Sheldon turned from the brutal honesty of *Salvation Nell* (1908), to the shallow mysticism *of The High Road* (1914). The same years saw *The Yellow Jacket, Kismet, The Harvest Moon, The Servant in the House,* and *The Bird of Paradise* (the last being a savage attack on the "inferior races" which it is the white man's duty to subjugate).

Nineteen-fifteen brought the belated development of an "Independent" theater in America. It followed the lines of the movement which had revolutionized the theater in Europe twenty-five years earlier. Three groups, the Washington Square Players, the Neighborhood Playhouse, and the Provincetown Players, appeared in the same year. The American intellectual suddenly awakened to a belated and ineffectual awareness that war and destruction were sweeping his world away. There was a market for a certain kind of protest. It was a market which was to be fully exploited by the Theater Guild for more than a decade. The Guild's methods of production required little experimentation. Prosperous mysticism was the keynote of the plays of O'Neill which served as the basis for the Guild's artistic reputation and prosperity. Acting required personality, polish, and an ability to project emotional moods.

The Group Theater grew out of the same soil. But the Group appeared at a time when there had been a radical change in the social situation. The artists of the Group were genuinely stirred by the great mass movements of the depression period. They sought to bring a deeper human sensibility into the theater, and they very properly focused attention on the problem of the

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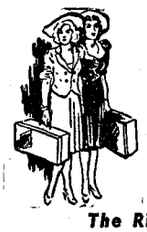
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actor. But they were never able to achieve the clarity of social purpose which would have integrated their work; they tended to a mechanical application of Stanislavsky's theories emphasizing "inwardness" and psychology. Thus their technique, their whole method of presentation, failed to move forward, but rather harked back to the moods of the Russian intelligentsia in the period before 1905.

The brief but burning protest of Odets' *Waiting for Lefty* came logically from the Group: it expressed their creative need of finding social roots. But they continued to rationalize their relation to "the middle class audience." Instead of developing the rich vein they had discovered in *Waiting for Lefty,* they turned to the romanticism of Odets' *Paradise Lost,* and "scientific" social protest in the Epic manner in the *Case of Clyde Griffiths.*

The first serious break with the economics and the technical limitations of the commercial drama came with the appearance of the Federal Theater. The federal project contained the elements of a genuine people's theater. It discovered a new audience that wanted a new sort of life on the stage. As a result, the Federal Theater was forced to experiment with new methods of staging and lighting. Technological change touched the theater for the first time since the nineteenth century.

However, the Federal Theater was enclosed in a straitjacket of restrictions and limitations. To be sure, the government project had the tremendous advantage of being able to play without profit. But the financial restrictions, and the red-tape which affected every department of production, made experimentation difficult.

The limitations and possibilities of the Federal Theater were expressed in the Living Newspaper: this form permitted a thoroughly exciting presentation with the full use of the means available; it involved reliance on simple but imaginative dramatization through lighting. It brought forward urgent human problems without requiring a technical level of acting which would have been beyond the capacities of the project.

If the Federal Theater had continued, it would undoubtedly have proceeded to more mature experimentation. Above all, it would have moved toward a welding of the various factors of production; the staging, lighting, scene design would have assumed a new relation to the living actor. At the same time, it would have extended its audience base by establishing stronger contacts with the working class, closer cooperation with trade unions and people's organizations.

The Federal project was killed because reaction was well aware of these possibilities. But the possibilities exist today. Blitzstein's *No for an Answer* is an example of the range of technical experiment open to the artist who speaks to a new audience. The need and hope of a people's theater is stronger today than at any time in the history of

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Milton Howard, member Daily Worker editorial board, Sun., Aug. 24, 8:30 P. M., Workers School, 50 E. 13 Street, Admission 25 cents.

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our country. We may soon see the development of community theaters, well equipped and with high esthetic standards, in many American cities.

We cannot foresee the future; but we can be prepared by mastering the technique of production. The limitations of amateur and semi-professional performance can be accepted gladly; we need draw no arbitrary line between the professional and the amateur. Nor need we take an attitude of hopeless scorn toward the Broadway stage. We can recognize the tradition from which it springs; we can see that elements of that tradition still have vitality and meaning. We need not accept the limitations of Broadway, or the limitations of semi-professional production, as final. We can learn from these limitations, knowing the limitless wonder of the theater, and knowing our own responsibility as artists and workers.

JOHN HOWARD LAWSON.

Mr. Lawson's article is the text of an address before the recent Artists and Writers Congress.

Pudovkin's "1905"

The great Soviet film from Gorky's novel "Mother."

THE early Soviet film *1905,* made by Pudovkin from Gorky's novel *Mother,* is being revived in the little houses these days. *Mother* was made in 1926, BS (Before Sound). It is an unmitigated masterpiece of cinematography. Comparisons being sometimes odious, I will not call your attention to the parallelism between the use of the double shot in *Mother* and in *Jekyll-Hyde.* But if you should happen to see both of them, notice the way the Soviet director used the double exposure, and the way Hollywood used it, for analogous purposes. And you will see the difference between the use of a valid lens technique and a phony one.

With the barest means, the most brilliant economy of materials, Pudovkin gave us a film story of the 1905 Revolution that tells more in its short running time than a host of books about the period. For here are the people and the forces of the time, objectified and made real. Here is fratricidal, patricidal warfare; here are the czarist stools and their watchdogs, the police and army; here are the factory workers, emerging for the first time upon the scene of history; here is the class struggle education of the defeated mother of the family.

There are sequences in this film that have never been surpassed even by the Soviets themselves: the demonstration and the attempted prison break; the characterizations of the son, the drunken father, and especially the heroic mother; the czarist police and their stooges.

Such characterizations, the utilization of the camera and lighting, the methodology of the treatment, and the emotional impact the totality achieves, can spring only from a profound understanding of human beings, a love for human beings. ALVAH BESSIE.

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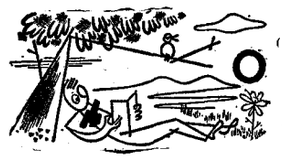

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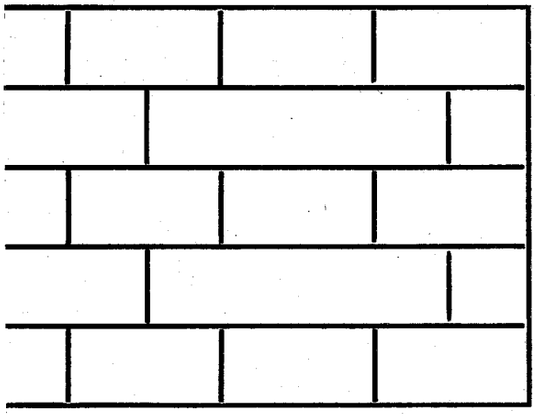

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